

DEMobilISATION SCHEME DELAYED BY CHAOS

# The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

## THE "BILLIE CARLETON" INQUEST RESUMED YESTERDAY



Mr. Reggie de Veuille, who is concerned in the inquiry, arrives at the court.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A charming photograph of the late Miss Billie Carleton.



Mr. Lionel Belcher, who was the first witness to be recalled at the resumed inquiry.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mr. Samuel Ingleby Oddie, who is holding the inquiry.



Miss Fay Compton, who was present in the coroner's court.



Mrs. Reggie De Veuille, who has been mentioned.



Dr. Stewart, whose name was mentioned.—(Daily Mirror.)



Mr. Percy A. F. Richards, public analyst, who attended.



Miss Malvina Longfellow, who was called upon to give evidence at yesterday's inquest continuation.



Passing witnesses through the crowd assembled outside the coroner's court in Horseferry-road, Westminster. They had no little difficulty in getting through the crush.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Miss Olive Richardson, who was one of the witnesses called to give evidence at the coroner's court yesterday.

The coroner's inquiry into the death of the late Miss Billie Carleton was resumed at Westminster yesterday, when several new witnesses were in attendance to give evidence.

The extraordinary revelations which have already been made in connection with this inquest have aroused the keenest public interest in its further developments.



# DRAMA OF COCAINE AND OPIUM.

Billie Carleton's "Sniff"  
from Gold Box.

## WHAT ACTRESS SAW.

Told De Veulle "If That Is Dope  
You Ought To Be Shot."

There was a mixture of paradise plumes and patchouli in the crowded coroner's court in Westminster yesterday, when the inquiry was resumed into the tragic death of Miss Billie Carleton.

All the witnesses who had previously given evidence in court were present, and also Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle, who sat together near the door. The array of counsel grows with every sitting, and yesterday Mr. Cecil Hayes appeared for Mr. Belcher, the cinema actor, who is a confessed drug-taker, whilst Mr. Huntly Jenkins held a watching brief.

Immediately the coroner had taken his seat Mr. Cecil Hayes recalled Mr. Belcher. Then came the straight question: had he ever given the dead girl drugs. "No," was the answer of the self-possessed witness.

The witness gave the lively passages between counsel when Mr. Chatterton, who represents De Veulle, rose to cross-examine. Other witnesses followed, including an analyst and a doctor, who deposed that in his opinion the dead actress could not have died from natural causes.

There was a moment of dramatic interest when Miss Olive Richardson described the opium smoking party at De Veulle's flat. Then came Dr. Stewart, who was questioned by the coroner.

### PEOPLE IN THE CASE.

Besides Miss Carleton, who died in her flat in Savoy Court Mansions after the Victory Ball at the Albert Hall on November 27, the principal persons in this drama of the drug traffic, with its sources of supply in Chinatown and its doping parties in the West End, are:

Lionel Herbert Belcher, a cinema actor, of Great Portland-street, who once escorted Miss Carleton to the cinema, and who returned with her from the Victory Ball. He admits that he has supplied cocaine to

Reggie de Veulle, a dressmaker, of Dover-street, Piccadilly, who was also at the Victory Ball, and at whose flat in September Miss Carleton took part in an opium-smoking party, at which

Mrs. Ada Ping You, the Scottish wife of a Chinaman living at Linthouse-causeway, acted as "the high priestess of these unholy rites," to quote the magistrate who sentenced her for preparing the pellets.

Miss Mary Hicks, maid-servant to Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle, and known as "McGinty."

Miss Hicks has related that on November 25, obeying De Veulle's instructions, she received £5 from Miss Carleton, which she handed to Belcher, who gave her a small silver box which, as far as she could judge, contained cocaine. The inquest was adjourned till January 16.

## THE SILVER BOX.

Belcher's Dramatic Declaration as to Why  
His Wife Left Him.

Mr. Cecil Hayes recalled Mr. Belcher. Counsel: Had you the slightest idea that the cocaine you sold to De Veulle on the morning of the Victory Ball was intended for Miss Carleton?—Not the slightest.

Had you any knowledge that any of the cocaine that you ever sold to De Veulle was given by him to Miss Carleton?—Not at all.

Had you ever any dealings or trafficking with drugs with Miss Carleton?—No, never.

Or with anyone on her behalf?—No, not to my knowledge.

Replying to further questions, witness said De Veulle asked him to procure cocaine for him, and witness complied with the request.

Cross-examined by Mr. Chatterton (representing De Veulle), witness said it was now fairly obvious that the cocaine he sold to De Veulle was for Miss Carleton, but he had no proof of this.

Witness was handed a small silver box and said he had seen one like it.

Counsel: Would you deny that was the box you gave to McGinty or De Veulle with cocaine in it?—Witness: No.

Are you living with your wife?—Witness: No. I put it to you that your wife left you because you introduced to her this habit of doping?—Witness: That is not true, I swear it on God's oath.

You said that deceased told you she had taken cocaine because of her worries about Mr. De Veulle's jealousy?—She told me that.

Do you wish us to draw an inference that she was desirous of taking her life?—I do not suggest that for a moment.

The Coroner: Did she say anything that would lead you to think she was going to commit suicide?—No.

I put it to you that you pressed De Veulle to purchase cocaine from you because it was of a stronger nature and you were anxious to make money out of it?—You can put it that way if you like. I say De Veulle complained of the strength and I said: "I can get it stronger."

Mr. Valetta: You have told us that on the night of the Victory Ball you had taken heroin. You were with Miss Carleton and are about the last person who saw her alive. Did she ask you for any heroin that night?—No.

(Continued on column 2.)



Mr. Huntly Jenkins.



Mr. Cecil Hayes.

Two of the counsel engaged in the case.

## R. G. KNOWLES DEAD.

Famous Comedian Victim to  
Throat Trouble.

### HOW HE ROSE TO FAME.

From Our Own Correspondent.

New York, Thursday.

R. G. Knowles, the famous comedian, died last night at the Memorial Hospital, after an operation upon his throat. He had coffee here from London to have the operation performed.

Though generally supposed to be an American, Mr. R. G. Knowles was born in Canada, where the earlier years of his life were spent.

His first appearance on any stage was more than forty years ago at Chicago—he was a young man of twenty at the time—and his debut in England at the London Trocadero on June 15, 1891.

A comedian of the "breathless" order, he soon established a reputation both as a singer and a raconteur, and it was not long before he "topped the bill."

In the late nineties R. G. Knowles was one of the most powerful "draws" at the Tivoli and kindred places of entertainment.

Among his best-known songs were "Love, Marriage and Divorce," "Silence Reigns Supreme" and "All the Girls Are Lovely."

His "palter" was excellent, and he had a ready gift of repartee—invaluable in a variety artist.

During his career Mr. Knowles made three world tours, and his experiences on these occasions have been amusingly narrated in his book of reminiscences, "A Modern Columbus."

He varied his variety work with lecturing, and was equally at home on the lecture platform as on the variety stage.

In 1914 he appeared in "Nuts and Wine" at the Empire, and his greatest successes were achieved as a single turn.

One of the most companionable of men in private life, he will be mourned by a large circle of friends.

(Continued from column 1.)

The Coroner: Did Miss Carleton say, when she spoke of taking cocaine because of Mrs. de Veulle's jealousy, where she got it from?—She said where she got it from, but I cannot say exactly the place.

Percy Andrew Ellis Richards, a public analyst, said the stomach and its contents showed no signs of poisoning, but in the nasal swabs taken from deceased he found evidences of cocaine.

Dr. Reginald Charles Jewsbury, physician and pathologist to Charing Cross Hospital, said he had examined the contents of the box and found that it contained nine and a half grains of a powder which responded to the test for cocaine. In his opinion, after the evidence he had heard, death was due to cocaine poisoning.

The Coroner: Do you know why cocaine is taken by drug takers?—For its stimulant effects. Can it be taken by being snuffed up the nose?—That is a very usual way with drug takers.

Mr. Chatterton: Is there any time limit in which death must result after the consumption of a fatal dose?—I don't think there is any fixed time. The period is usually very short.

## NIGHT OF THE BALL.

Telephone Message to Miss Carleton's  
Maid to Bring the "Little Box."

Mrs. Flora Baxter, a widow, of Herman-road, Brixton, who, as we have said, is the dresser, with her from the Prince of Wales' Theatre to the Haymarket, described how on the Monday before the Victory Ball McGinty called at the theatre. She brought a note and after receiving it Miss Carleton told witness to give McGinty £5.

On the night of the ball did Miss Carleton get you to send a telephone message?—Yes. She said: "Ring up May (her maid) and ask her to bring along a little gold box on the dressing-table." I did so, and May brought it. I saw it at the theatre on the dressing-table. Miss Carleton told me to put it in her bag.

Did anyone come that night to the theatre to see Miss Carleton?—Yes, Mr. Bettini.

Did he give her anything?—Not in my presence. I heard Miss Fay Compton call upstairs and they went off.

R. Woodman, a post-office clerk, produced the original of two telegrams sent by McGinty to Belcher on November 25 and 26. The first read: "Meet me 9.30 outside Cafe Royal" and the second: "Meet me as last night, Cafe Royal."

Mrs. Violet Chow, 7, Park-lane, said that she permitted Miss Carleton to use the theatre.

(Continued on page 3.)

## HOUSEWIVES' REVOLT.

Growing Indignation Against the  
Grocers' Favouritism.

### ILL-MANNERED ASSISTANTS.

Why should it be so difficult for the housewife dissatisfied with her grocer to get re-registered for another shop?

That is the question which thousands of customers have been putting to themselves of recent weeks.

A bitter complaint on the subject reached *The Daily Mirror* last evening from a housewife in South-East London.

"The favouritism displayed by tradesmen to customers with large families is preposterous," she writes.

"Although I always pay cash for everything my grocer frequently declines to supply me with the particular goods I require."

"The stereotyped excuse is that the things I want are 'out of stock.' The real reason is that having no family my account is a small one."

"Again and again I have asked for jam, marmalade, syrup, cheese and other necessities for the daily meal. And again and again I have been supplied with an ill-mannered boy or girl assistant that there was none to be had."

"This, of course, was a deliberate untruth, as I have proved on many occasions."

"I shall know how to deal with my grocer when I have not to register with him."

## RED CROSS ROMANCE.

Gunner Weds Admiral's Daughter  
Who Nursed Him in Hospital.

From Our Own Correspondent.

London, Thursday.

A hospital romance culminated in the marriage yesterday at St. Thomas Church, Wigan, of Gunner Arthur Hulme, of Runcorn, and Miss Constance Churchill, the youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral and Miss Orford Churchill, of Alderhot, Preston Park, Salisbury.

The bride is twenty-nine and a relative of Mr. Winston Churchill.

She nursed Gunner Hulme following a severe injury he received in France.

Miss Churchill served in France and in Salisbury Convalescent Hospital under the Red Cross.

Gunner Hulme is a widower with two children, and was an insurance agent prior to the war.

## YOUR LAST RATION BOOK.

Mr. Clynes' Announcement at  
Ministry's Farewell Dinner.

"I had the pleasure to-day to preside over a council of the Food Ministry, when it was decided to discontinue the printing of ration books. We hope the present will be your last ration book."

So said Mr. Clynes, the retiring Food Controller, at the dinner last night given in his honour by the Food Ministry officials.

"It had been prophesied," he said, "that the first Food Minister would be obliged to resign, the second would be worked to death and the third would be hanged to a lamp-post in the street."

"You," said Mr. Clynes to the staff, "have saved me from that fate." (Cheers.)

## HEAD-OF-ANTI-SPY BUREAU

French Captain, Who Figured in  
Notorious Cases, Arrested.

PARIS, Thursday.

Captain Ladoux has been arrested. The case concerns a document embezzled by the former Deputy Chief of Second Bureau.

Ladoux, who was at the head of the anti-spy bureau, was connected with all the affairs of the *Mafia*.

During the session of the Second Bureau he busied himself with all the personages who gravitated round Almeri de Duval, and his attitude with regard to the bandits of the *Bonnet Rouge* was so ambiguous that in the discussions over the Duval affair the court-martial could arrive at no explanation.

He was also connected with the incidents of the sale of the *Journal* in the Humbert, Lenoir and Desouches affair. Lenoir was under his orders in the bureau to render an account of his several journeys to Switzerland.

He likewise was present in the Leymarie Cabinet, when Malvy was at the head, at the famous interview in which Charles Humbert and Leymarie put pressure on young Lenoir to make him give up all his interests in the *Journal* to Humbert.

Ladoux again figures in the Suzy-Depsy affair. It was he who was charged with the inquiry into the missions in Switzerland of Tremblay and Guiller, both of whom were guilty of having communicated with the enemy.—Exchange.

## THE PRINCE'S ESTATE.

It is probable that the Prince of Wales, as soon as a sufficient quantity of material and labour is available, will continue the rebuilding scheme on the Cornwall Estate in Kennington.

## MEN WHO CANNOT GET BACK TO WORK.

Demobilisation Delayed  
by Chaos and Confusion.

### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

Chaos reigns supreme in connection with demobilisation.

Thousands of men with jobs waiting for them, whose employers have asked the Ministry of Labour to release them, are idling their time in camps.

The matter should be as simple as A.B.C.

The man should be able to fill in a form stating that he has a job waiting for him. When that form is handed in the Ministry of Labour should confirm the man's statements by communicating with the firm wanting to use his services. Then the man should be instantly demobilised.

Why wait? Why multiply committees and chiefs of departments over a matter so simple.

An officer requiring demobilisation because he has a post in the shipping business waiting for him cannot get his release because he must have been engaged by this firm before the war.

There are hundreds of cases of firms having gone out of business during the war. Employees of such firms cannot get release to join other firms because they are not "pre-war" employees.

## UNANSWERED LETTERS.

Business Men's Complaint Against the  
Ministry of Labour.

Business houses complain that their letters to the Ministry of Labour asking for the men to come back are not answered.

Recently the London tribunal was instructed to release 1,000 men who had posts waiting for



Major R. W. Ling, M.C., R.F.A., the famous Army and Air Corps Bomber forward, who has been awarded the D.S.O.



Mr. G. Holt-Thomas, the well-known aircraft pioneer, who is instituting the great cross-Channel air transport enterprise.

them in the shipping world of Leadenhall-street.

Since the appointment to the Ministry of Labour of Sir Auckland Geddes this order has been countermanded.

No reason is assigned, but it is stated in unofficial quarters that the reason is the unsettled state of things in Germany and the possibility of an army of occupation being needed for Berlin as well as troops for Russia.

## CAUSE OF CONGESTION.

The condition of shipping in all the ports is deplorable. Congestion is the order of the day. Boats in Cardiff and Liverpool and the Tyne have been laying up awaiting cargo or discharge for three weeks and more.

One of the reasons assigned for this, in addition to the labour trouble, is the depleted condition of rolling stock on the railways.

The rolling stock and permanent ways available are in such a poor state of repair that only very low speed can be run, thus making for exceedingly slow distribution.

## BARBERS' STRIKE.

Another Firm Grants Extra Pay—  
Customers Shave Themselves.

The strike of London barbers continues, but Mr. A. E. George, the secretary of the Hair-dressers' Section of the union, yesterday announced another victory for the strikers, a Bond-street firm having acceded to the union demand and granted the extra 10s. per week, with the result that the men resumed work.

At Shipwright's yesterday, where the masters are working, *The Daily Mirror* found many customers waiting to have their hair cut.

A naval lieutenant, who was in a hurry, was given a razor, brush and soap and started lathering his face, whereupon a number of other people followed suit and shaved themselves.

## ENGINEERS STRIKE—TRAINS IN DARK

Owing to a strike of engineers and the labourers at the principal power station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway the electric service between Liverpool and Southport last night had to be hauled by steam locomotives, and passenger compartments were in total darkness.



# BOLSHEVIST MENACE BRITISH LANDING AT RIGA

Troops of All Arms Also Disembarked at Ports of Libau and Windau.

## SWEDISH FORCE TO HELP ESTHONIANS.

Leninites Claim Advance on Reval.

The Bolshevist menace to Riga and Esthonia is being tackled. A Copenhagen Central News message last night stated that a Riga telegram reported that British troops of all arms had been landed at Riga, and also at Libau and Windau.

A Riga telegram states that the German troops have been obliged to leave the town because superior Bolshevist forces are advancing on it.—Central News.

A Stockholm telegram states that a Swedish force of 3,000 men, under the command of General Hjalmarsson, is to be sent to the assistance of Esthonia.

Finnish Help.—An East Finnish voluntary detachment has landed at Reval to help Esthonia, says a Stockholm message.

## BRITISH TAKE ACTION.

Lithuanian Mutineers Who Wished to Join the Bolshevists.

A Wolf Bureau telegram says: "The Soldiers' Council at Mitau reports that the British in the Port of Riga have demanded that German troops shall remain there to protect the population. Regarding events in Riga, it is further reported that two companies of the Lithuanian Government militia mutinied and declared their intention of uniting with the Bolshevists."

The Lithuanian Premier, M. Ulmanus, appealed to a company of the German Baltic Militia to disarm the mutineers, but they refused to do so.

Members of the Lithuanian Government thereupon visited the British Squadron, anchored off Riga, with the result that the British commander communicated with the German troops regarding active intervention.

Following upon discussions on board a British cruiser, in which the German Minister at Riga, members of the Lithuanian Government and representatives of the German Militia participated, German troops surrounded the mutineers' barracks at six o'clock on Monday morning and pressing an ultimatum, demanding the surrender of the mutineers.

As this was not forthcoming, the British, in concert with the German Command, intervened with naval artillery and made a pretence of bombarding the barracks.

The Lithuanian companies, numbering 200 men, then surrendered unconditionally.

Siberia.—Reuter's Agency is informed that sack factory news has been received from Omsk of the growing support which is being given to that Government by all sections of the population of Siberia, irrespective of parties.

Revolutionary Appeal.—Boris Savinkoff, the Russian revolutionary, has arrived in France to ask for the intervention of the Allies against Russian Bolshevism.—Central News.

## ADVANCE ON REVAL.

Bolshevists Jeer at the Lithuanians in Their Official Communique.

### RUSSIAN WIRELESS.

"In the Reval direction we took Kolk Kakhala, south of the Kolkovik Gulf, and the mutineers of Apel and Moraper."

"In the Waisensmin direction our detachments took Baskull, Undasa, Walhof and Rida."

"In the Perm region our detachments are taking up positions on the line Sidorka-Podelnik-Sverina, on the Kama."

"The Polish command is negotiating for the formation of Polish legions in Lithuania. The Zariba has refused."

"The Lithuanian Government has the intention of creating a militia, but in view of the fact that they have no arms they are unable to resist us."

## ALLIES AND RUSSIA.

PARIS, Thursday.

The increasingly conflicting and disquieting news from Russia is causing some amount of concern among the Allies, but it is certain that the peace deliberations will proceed along a regular course unless the situation becomes aggravated.

At present there is no prospect of the Russian problem being taken up first, and although the question has been discussed, no decision has been taken. There has been unofficial talk of sending Volunteer forces to the aid of Poland and Lithuania, but so far nothing has been done.—Exchange.

## BERLIN HAS TO FACE A DOUBLE PERIL.

Bolshevism Within and March of Poles from Without.

### MARSHAL FOCH'S THREAT.

Berlin is faced with a double peril—the reported advance of the Poles towards the German capital and the menace of Bolshevism "within the gates."

A Copenhagen message says: A report from Berlin to the Politiken states that Marshal Foch's representative at the Armistice Commission declared that if the Radical elements in Germany took over power, for instance, the Independents, the Allies would break off all negotiations and consider the preliminary peace at an end.—Exchange.

## GERMANS TO MEET POLES.

Commissary Orders Fifth Division to Stop Advancing Force.

A Berlin telegram quoted by Reuter says: Events in Posen are assuming a grave, not to say catastrophic, character. Large portions of the province of Posen are already in the hands of the Poles.

Polish troops have crossed the Polish frontier at Skalmierzce, and the German troops there will have to retreat in face of superior forces.

At a meeting of the Soldiers' Council in Berlin it was announced that Polish formations numbering 20,000 men were advancing towards Berlin. Herr Noske, People's Commissary for Defence, has already ordered the Fifth German Division to meet them.

It was also reported that the Polish Government at Warsaw has ordered the mobilisation of all Poles.

The Poles are reported to be advancing along the railway towards Berlin. Six towns have been captured.—Exchange.

## MAY ENTER BERLIN.

Allied Army of Occupation If Bolshevist Menace Is Not Averted.

A telegram from Berlin (quoted by Reuter) says:—

"The people here believe that Berlin will be occupied by an army of occupation, which will march through the Brandenburger Tor, if the Government is not able to avert the danger of the Bolshevist advance."

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung states that the agents of the Russian Bolshevist Government still have £600,000 available for propaganda in Berlin.

At the Spartacus Congress in Berlin yesterday Herr Liebknecht's proposal that members of the Spartacus group should take part in the elections was defeated by 63 votes to 23. Rosa Luxemburg exhorted the masses to rise against the Government.

Women and Elections.—Public interest in the approaching elections for the National Assembly is now at fever heat. A Reuter message says the votes of the women, who outnumber the men by 1,500,000, will probably be decisive. People are relying on women to avert absolute disaster.

Opening Their Eyes.—The Berlin correspondent of the Berlingske Tidende writes that the German people are now beginning to have their eyes opened to the Bolshevist danger.

The events in the East Prussian provinces may all be laid at the door of Bolshevism.



British troops have been landed at Riga.

## BRITISH AIRMEN ASCEND NEARLY SIX MILES!

World's Altitude Record Beaten in 66 Minutes 15 Seconds.

### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

IPSWICH, Thursday. Captain Andrew Lang, R.A.F., and Lieutenant Blows this morning broke the world's altitude record on a British-built and British-engined biplane, flying at Martlesham, near Ipswich.

The altitude attained was 30,500ft. (510-13 miles), the time taken being 1h. 6m. 15s.

Through trouble with the oxygen apparatus Lieutenant Blows collapsed, and at 28,000ft. the heating apparatus began to work erratically.

The machine was brought to a stop, but Captain Lang was able to descend slowly, and at 20,000ft. Lieutenant Blows recovered consciousness. Both officers suffered from frostbite.

## MYSTERY OF THE WRECK OF THE IOLAIRE.

Pathetic Scenes at the Landing of Bodies of Victims.

### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

STORNOWAY, Thursday. Large numbers of people to-day visited the scene of the wreck of the Iolaire, and all came in quest of the remains of near relatives.

Some villages in Lewis lost as many as eleven men. Several families have lost two sons.

The cause of the disaster is wrapped in mystery, and there is a strong feeling in the island that there should be a public inquiry.

Unfortunately Commander Masood, Lieutenant Cotter and the other officers have perished.

It is believed that about 200 naval ratings were on board and that the crew numbered twenty-four; the number saved is placed at less than sixty.

It was a heartrending sight to see the bodies being landed on the ledge and then carried up over the rocks to the grass, where their features were eagerly scanned and their papers examined in the hope of identification.

## THE ENTENTE LINE.

The Temps announces the forthcoming inauguration of an express train service placing Paris and London in direct communication with Athens via Milan, Venice, Trieste, Agram, Nish, Uskub and Larissa.—Reuter.



Outside the coroner's court in Horseferry-road, Westminster, just before the resumed inquiry into the cause of death of Miss Billie Carlston.—("Daily Mirror.")

## MARSHAL FOCH TO SIT AT PEACE CONFERENCE?

Decision That Would Give Joy to Allies.

## TALKS TO START AT ONCE.

It was learned last night that now that M. Clemenceau has obtained a decisive majority in the Chamber the appointment of the Peace delegates to represent France will rest in his hands.

It is regarded as practically certain that Marshal Foch will be one of the delegates and another probable representative is M. Jonnart.

Marshal Foch, as was shown by the armistice negotiations, has proved himself to be not only a great soldier, but a diplomat as well, and the announcement of his inclusion in the personnel of the French delegation at the Peace table will be received with feelings of gratitude, not only in France, but in the Allied countries.

Among the French Ministers who will accompany M. Clemenceau will be M. Pichon.

PARIS, Thursday. Yesterday President Wilson received Colonel House, with whom he had a long conference on the question of peace.

## NO MARKED OPPOSITION.

Col. House Relates to President Wilson Result of Interview with Mr. Balfour.

Colonel House also informed the President of the interview he had had with Mr. Balfour a few minutes after leaving M. Clemenceau, and said he discussed with the British Foreign Minister the organisation of the Peace Conference.

I am able to assure you on this subject that Mr. Balfour's opinion, like that of Colonel House and of nearly all the American politicians, is identical, and that agreement exists between England and the United States.

In a word, the result of this interview is that nothing in the attitude of M. Clemenceau can anticipate any marked opposition between the great Powers of the Entente and the United States, and we may conclude that the divergences at present existing will be easily overcome.—Exchange.

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

French Newspaper Says He Will Be Next Minister for War.

PARIS, Thursday. M. Marcel Hutin, discussing in the Echo de Paris possible changes in the British Ministry, says he understands that Mr. Winston Churchill will take Lord Milner's place as Minister for War, and that Mr. Asquith Chamberlain will become Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law relinquishing that post in order to devote himself to the duties of leader in the House of Commons.—Reuter.

Peace Delegates.—The Daily Mirror learns that the announcement which appeared in some of the newspapers yesterday in regard to the selection of the British delegates and the officials to advise them at the Peace Conference is unauthorized and inaccurate. The personnel of the delegation to represent British air interests has not been definitely settled.

## U.S. SUFFRAGETTES CAUSE WILD SCENE IN NEW YORK.

Demand for Adult Suffrage—President Called "a False Prophet."

NEW YORK, Thursday. Suffragette sentinels rekindled a fire in Lafayette Park in front of the White House as a protest against the Senate's failure to pass the suffrage amendment after the soldiers, sailors and citizens had broken up the original watch-fires.

Women carried banners calling Wilson "a false prophet of democracy." They burned copies of the President's speeches delivered in Europe.

This roused the anger of the soldiers and sailors standing near by and there were several arrests.—Exchange.

## STRANDED, BUT HAPPY.

NEW YORK, Thursday. Four soldiers who have been brought ashore from the Northern Pacific (the stranded U.S. troops by congested in small boats) reported that all aboard were well and cheerful, the men spending New Year's Day in dancing and singing.

The coastguards expect to remove all by the breeches buoy this afternoon.—Exchange.



# DRUG TORMENT OF AIR HUNGER.

## Doctor's Evidence at Billie Carleton Inquest.

### DANCED TOGETHER.

(Continued from page 2.)

Victory Ball. So far as she was aware, deceased was not visited by De Veulle during the evening. She saw a man and a woman speaking to deceased near the box. She thought the man was Belcher.

Miss Malvena Longfellow, an actress, residing at 5, Curzon-street, said she first knew in August last that deceased was a drug-taker.

"I spoke to her," she said, "several times about the danger of taking drugs. She said that it was very difficult to give up drug-taking, but that she would try her best, and she thought she could give it up when she wanted."

Deceased told witness that De Veulle gave her the drugs.

The coroner: Did you speak to De Veulle about it?

Witness: Yes, I did. I told him on the night of the armistice that if he gave her any more there would be trouble, and he said he had given Billie very little lately.

Witness said that on Sunday in October she went to see Miss Carleton at her flat in Savoy-court, when both Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle were there.

"Deceased seemed very drowsy," continued witness, "and I spoke to her about the dangers of taking drugs and referred to girls I had heard of who had died from taking drugs and one who had died in an asylum."

De Veulle came with me, and said it was a very dangerous habit.

### "OUGHT TO BE SHOT."

What Actress Said She Told De Veulle "If That Is Dope."

About 9.30 that night witness and Miss Carleton went into the bedroom, and De Veulle followed.

He went to the dressing table and took up the gold box produced, and taking a manicure instrument, put some of the contents of the box on the tip of it and sniffed it.

He handed the box to Miss Carleton, who took a pinch of it, and also sniffed it up her nose.

I said to Mr. De Veulle, "If that is dope you ought to be shot for giving it her."

In reply to Mr. Valetta, witness said that Dr. Stewart had cured Miss Carleton of taking opium.

Deceased made witness promise not to tell Dr. Stewart that she had seen her take cocaine.

Mr. Chatterton: Did not De Veulle indignantly repudiate your suggestion that he had supplied cocaine? Didn't he say, "Melvina, don't be a fool?"—He might have said that because all these people thought I was a fool because I didn't take it with them.

Miss Olive Richardson was the next witness. She gave her address as Great Portland-street.

The coroner: You live there with Belcher, don't you?—Yes.

Do you follow any occupation?—Yes, I am an actress.

### "ASKED FOR COCAINE."

"Early Morning Visit by Miss Carleton and De Veulle to 'Kimful's'."

Witness said that she remembered being at Kimful's house at Notting Hill about three months ago with Belcher.

The coroner: Were you not taking drugs?—Well, I had taken a sniff of heroin.

You all had?—Yes.

That is what you went there for?—I suppose so.

The witness added that Miss Carleton and Mr. De Veulle arrived at Kimful's house in the early hours of the morning, about one o'clock.

Witness was not under the influence of heroin at the time, and remembered what happened perfectly well. They were introduced to the visitors. Mr. De Veulle and Kimful left the room, and Miss Carleton, in conversation, said that she had come to get some cocaine change hands!—No.

I saw De Veulle after that, and went to his flat. I was there on many occasions.

I am talking now of one occasion. Do you remember taking opium?—Yes.

Answering further questions, the witness said that amongst those present were Mr. Belcher, herself and Mrs. Ping You.

Miss Richardson added that others present were Miss Rutland and Mr. de Veulle. She had only been there once and smoked opium. Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle did not smoke opium then.

The coroner: What time did the séance begin?—It was after Billie came from the theatre, about 11.30 or midnight.

How prepared it?—Mrs. Ping You.

How?—I cannot explain it. I only watched. She heats it, takes it from a bowl on a thing like a croquet-hoof, puts it over the globe, and then puts it in the bowl and we all smoke out of one pipe.

Then I suppose you go to sleep?—So they say. Do you become unconscious?—No (scoffingly).

Drowsy?—(With a contemptuous gesture and

laughingly): After a long time; it is more imagination than anything else.

Did you take it in turn?—Yes, it goes round. You finished your pipe first?—We finished one little tiny pill and then it is passed round.

On the night of the Victory Ball witness went with a party to Miss Carleton's flat. Deceased talked a good deal about Mrs. de Veulle's jealousy, first laughing, and later with some annoyance.

She did not use the word cocaine, but said that she had had a good sniff. She talked a great deal of the future and her contemplated visit to Paris and America. Later Miss Carleton took out some jewels and said: "I have just got these out of pawn. I pawned them to get some clothes."

Mr. Chatterton elicited from the witness that she had no knowledge that De Veulle had ever supplied Miss Carleton with cocaine.

Witness told Mr. Hayes that she only took drugs herself for the fun of the thing and experienced a rapid occasion. Drugs had very little effect on her, and she had never been unconscious as the result. She had never sold or given any to Miss Carleton.

### ACTRESS' "AIR HUNGER."

Doctor on Her Illnesses—Drugs He Prescribed.

Dr. Stewart, of Knightsbridge, said that he had known Miss Carleton since the beginning of 1915. She was a friend for some time, but later came to him professionally.

He knew that she was in the habit of taking drugs, and he had explained to her the danger of making her extremely ill, and on more than one occasion he was called to treat her for the effects. She got a symptom which he would describe as "air hunger." She could not breathe.

In May, 1918, he ascertained that she was taking cocaine, and he took some away from her. The following afternoon she telephoned and asked for it back. He refused.

She said it was very mean of him, as she would have to go round to Notting Hill-gate and get some, and that she would lose her theatre. He afterwards wrote to her, referring to cocaine as snow, and warning her not to take it.

### "DID NOT LIKE PAIN."

He knew De Veulle took cocaine, and asked him when he met him on one occasion at Westminster Tribunal, not to give her any. De Veulle replied that he realised the danger, but later Miss Carleton told witness that De Veulle had given her cocaine.

Have you given her drugs yourself?—Yes, small doses of morphine-hyperdermic for pain. She had trouble with her wisdom teeth.

For toothache?—Oh, no, she had trouble with her wisdom teeth.

Well, that is a form of toothache. Why should you give a young woman taking cocaine, opium, because morphine is a form of opium?—She may have gone somewhere else if I did not. She did not like pain, and she was suffering and she was anxious to continue her work and she could not sleep.

The coroner: Is it wise to give morphia hyperdermic injections to a young woman of twenty?—It is not wise. She had to go on with her work, and it was only after great pain or the extraction of wisdom teeth.

If everyone took morphia for toothache we should have a land filled with morphia takers?—Yes, but there was nothing to be done.

You have also given her trional?—Yes, for the insomnia that cocaine produced—twenty grains in each cachet. I brought them.

When did you give her this?—It must have been in the early part of October when she was getting this insomnia.

How many had she taken?—One. She was also suffering very badly from influenza.

Speaking of the night of the ball, Dr. Stewart said that Miss Carleton danced once with him. They left soon after three. On receiving the news he went round to her flat and found her in bed, and he believed she was then dead. He injected strychnine and brandy and tried artificial respiration.

### KEEPER OF HER MONEY.

"She Thought It Lasted Longer in My Hands."

The coroner: I notice, in looking through her banking account, large payments made to you. What is the explanation?—I was simply the custodian of the money.

Why could not she pay her own bills without your assistance?—She thought it lasted longer if it remained in my hands.

I see that £444 was paid to you since June, 1917?—I have dispersed all that, and rather more.

Then it was paid to you by Miss Carleton to defray expenses?—Yes; I paid the Savoy account. She was getting £20 a week in "The Freedom of the Sea."

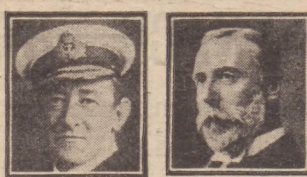
Mr. Chatterton: Did you warn De Veulle not to supply her with cocaine or drugs because you anticipated she would approach him?—I knew that they knew each other, and I thought she would not be marked.

He promised he would not?—Yes.

You made other disbursements on Miss Carleton's account to myself and other professional gentlemen?—Yes.

The coroner: Won't you be surprised to hear that she had only £20 in the bank?—Well, I do not think she had much.

When his evidence was read over witness said that he did not give her morphia for toothache a dozen times. There were other ailments.



Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Dundas of Lunda, R.C.M.G., who has been promoted to admiral.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, formerly British Ambassador to Vienna, who has retired from the Diplomatic Service.

## STARVED BY HUNS.

Pathetic Story of British Prisoner's Death—Doctor's Evidence.

"STOMACH AS THIN AS PAPER."

A tragic story of Hun brutality was told at an inquest at Bath yesterday on Private W. J. Mutter, nineteen, of the 8th Worcesters, who had been a prisoner in German hands working behind the lines.

He had told his brother that he had been very badly treated, and he was admitted to Bath War Hospital in a starved, emaciated and debilitated condition. Though he improved somewhat, he died, after spending Christmas at home at Pickering, near Taunton.

The doctor said at the post-mortem he found deceased's stomach wall, which was as thin as blotting-paper, due to starvation, had ruptured. His appetite was good while at home, and he had probably given his debilitated stomach too much work. Death was due to hemorrhage, but the state of starvation was due to his treatment by the Germans.

A verdict accordingly was returned, "Unconscious on a raft in mid-Atlantic, a victim of Hun submarine piracy was brought to port and placed in hospital suffering from loss of memory."

So ran a newspaper paragraph published on October 19, 1918, which led to the identification and arrest of John Macrae on a charge of obtaining £7 by false pretences.

The police had been looking for him since July, 1914. His photograph, which had been published with the paragraph, had been identified by relatives at Manchester.

Macrae, who appeared ill, was charged at Liverpool yesterday with obtaining £7 by means of a false cheque from Mr. Thomas Tushingham, of Garston, in July, 1914, to whom, it was alleged, he had represented himself as a ship's engineer, who wished to pay his men, could not do so after banking hours.

Macrae was remanded for eight days.

HOLOCAUST FOR JEWELS.

Huns' Allies Who Burnt Women Smeard with Petrol.

PARIS, Thursday.

The Petit Parisien learns from Constantinople that an inquiry has been held in regard to the Armenian massacre from which it transpires that there were a million and a half victims and that the men chiefly responsible for the crime are Enver Pasha, Talaat Pasha, Djemal Pasha and General Liman von Sanders.

Fifty per cent. of the total Armenian population have been slaughtered, the massacre having been scientifically organised by Germany.

Among other terrible incidents recorded is that of the outraging and mutilating of 2,000 women by Kurds. The Kurds proceeded to smear their victims with petrol and set them on fire with a view to securing the jewels which they were believed to have stowed.

At one place 7,000 children were put to death.

## JOY RIDES AGAIN.

Charabancs to Run Once More—Motor Spirit Now Obtainable.

Captain F. G. Bristow, secretary of the Commercial Motor Users Association, has been notified by the Petrol Control Department that motor spirit is now obtainable for motor charabancs on all routes not closed under legislation other than the now-lapsing restriction orders.

It is, however, only obtainable under licence. Owners of charabancs can use any motor spirit in stock if obtained by legitimate methods.

OFFICERS' DANCES AND MUSIC.

A writ is being issued by the Performing Rights Society against the Committee of the United Allies' Dances for Officers, known as "Controlled Dances," held at the Grafton Galleries.

The proceedings are taken in connection with the alleged performance without a licence by the committee's band of music, the performing rights of which belong to the society.

## PITIFUL DRAMA OF STARTLED BABY.

Man Who Murdered His Wife and Father.

### LONE FARM TRAGEDY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday.

The story of a lonely farmhouse tragedy was related at the inquest on Anthony Knowles Bower, aged thirty-six, a farmer, of Ford, near Liverpool, Martha Ellen Bower, thirty-three, his wife, and Unwin Bower, sixty-nine, his father.

The inquest was held in the sitting-room, where the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Bower were found, and the jury returned a verdict that Bower murdered his wife and father, and then committed suicide.

They all lived together, but lately young Bower had been worried by farm troubles and ill-health.

All three had been dangerously ill from influenza.

The wife had objected to the father staying in the house.

A servant girl, Norah Mitchell, dramatically described how, on Tuesday morning, going downstairs, she found the lamp burning in the kitchen.

On going into the sitting-room for a match, one of the house dogs followed her and went towards a sofa, making a terrible noise.

She then saw the master and mistress lying on the floor. Upstairs she found the father and one of the dogs lying dead.

She found the body in its cot, with its hands gripping the rails, which it was trying to peer through. It looked startled, but was not crying.

Further evidence was that the crime had been committed with a Colt revolver. The wife had been shot in the back of the head while writing a letter. Arrangements had been made for a family party on New Year's Day.

### GAVE BLOOD TO SAVE FRIEND'S LIFE.

A Cradley Heath soldier, Private John Price, who was four times wounded, has been awarded the D.C.M. He had previously won the M.M. In hospital he gave a quart of his blood to save the life of a comrade, both of whose legs had been amputated.

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"Daily Mirror."

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# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1919.

## DEMOBILISATION.

### THEIR EXCUSES AND OUR ANSWERS.

LET us consider some of the excuses given, by those in charge of the work of demobilisation, for the slowness with which that work proceeds. For, since we last wrote on this subject and were deluged with letters from our readers about it, nothing has got on any quicker.

All that has happened has been, first, the appointment of Sir Eric Geddes as Demobiliser-in-Chief; and, secondly, the appointment, by Sir Eric Geddes, of four subordinate Demobilisers, as yet another Committee, to meet and consult, with the help of experts, three times a week.

No doubt each of these will shortly appoint other junior Demobilisers. And there will be a staff. And there will be a Ministry. And typists. And a hotel.

All this is needed, we are told, because—first Excuse—to demobilise is much more difficult than to mobilise. To get men for the Army is much easier than to let them go, once you have got them.

First Answer to first Excuse: "Please do not ask us to believe that! To root men over forty out of business, to examine them, fit them up, train them, cannot be easier than to release such of those men (nearly all) who clamour for release after production of evidence that their disorganised businesses want them.

"But, in any case, to say that a thing is difficult is not to say that it can't be done. If you, who are failing to do it, say that, it means you ought to give place to those who can do it, in spite of difficulties."

Second Excuse: "We must be careful how we let men go. They cannot be turned into the streets."

Second Answer: "Precisely. Therefore let those men go whose employers demand them. And, to facilitate such immediate release, cease asking employers or men to fill up irrelevant forms asking impertinent questions about their salary or salaries in their job or jobs, past or to come."

Third Excuse: "We can't let one go without letting them all go."

Third Answer: "You can, because you do. That is precisely what you boast of doing. You tell us daily how many 'pivotal' men are returning, how many miners are released. But you don't tell us why you won't release A.S.C. Mechanical Transport men, so urgently needed to relieve the dangerous congestion of our traffic. Nor about the Metropolitan policemen. Nor about the plainly unfit."

Fourth Excuse: "Want of transport prevents us from releasing, say, men over forty."

Fourth Answer: "Of course. Till you release men, transport cannot be improved. Your cart is before your horse. Besides, how much 'transport' do, say, a hundred men of forty want to get from Birmingham to London every day?"

Fifth Excuse: "We still want the men. Look at the condition of Europe."

Fifth Answer: "Certainly. We do look at it. It is very serious. Even now, before Peace, Europe may pass into anarchy."

"But nobody suggests disbanding the primary forces for the maintenance of order—forces vastly smaller, for the rest, than those needed for the scientific and terribly equipped war that now cannot conceivably be renewed on the old scale by any enemy of the Allies.

"Moreover, if you really want the men why do you leave them to issue hay and chaff, count mugs, drill, dig trenches, write out forms, and clean tins? Why, lastly, do you give them the immense 'leaves' which they spend in congesting the streets and getting demoralised? You won't let them go and you won't give them anything to do."

So it stands with you and with them and with Demobilisation. Therefore we ask you to get on with it.

W. M.

## HAVE WE LEARNT TO BE THRIFTY?

### DANGER OF RELAPSING INTO THE OLD EXTRAVAGANCE.

By EDITH NEPEAN.

IF the war has taught us nothing else, at least it has taught us how to do without things—even things we believed to be essential to our very existence.

If we sit down solemnly and weigh up pros and cons, it is astonishing how little is really vital to our well-being.

During the last four years it has become a sort of code of honour to exact the maximum out of the minimum—to make half a loaf do the work of a loaf and a half.

Certainly, from a health point of view, enforced restrictions have not made us less fit; as a matter of fact they have acted like a beauty specialist, and once ungraceful figures can now boast of quite attractive curves!

In the teeth of crushing anxieties we have

That settled the question. The grocer's man went away smiling blandly, as usual.

In many a moderately numbered household a pound of butter was an average per day, and as for bread, the number of loaves consumed, or partially wasted, would in lean days have created a famine.

Cook had a favourite cat that rubbed against her skirts when she was rolling out pastry.

Off went cook to the dresser for a saucer, which she filled with milk. Pussy satisfied his thirst in about three laps, then somebody kicked the saucer and over went the milk, to be replenished again at pussy's first artful "meow!"

#### WHEN THINGS WERE CHEAP.

Think of the waste in this direction; consider the number of hungry babies that might have been succoured. Consider the cheese, the butter—

Everything was so cheap, that is why we were as thoughtless as we were extravagant.

## IN THE COMING DAYS OF RECONSTRUCTION—

INSTEAD OF HACKING DOWN A FINE TREE TO MAKE ROOM FOR A HIDEOUS STATUE—



—WE MAY LIVE TO SEE A HIDEOUS STATUE DEMOLISHED WITH THE OBJECT OF PLANTING A NICE TREE IN ITS PLACE



War statues still hourly threaten afflicted London. Happy thought! Why not destroy all the old ones and replace them by greenery?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

learn to stiffen our upper lip and to make the best out of the worst.

The old adage, "timid as a woman," is dead, for in the darkest hour not only did we manage to keep the home fires burning, but we kept the home pots simmering. In the process our eyes were opened to the appalling waste that went on in the past, and if we are wise we shall take the lesson to heart—that is to say, if we want to get the best possible value out of life.

Before 1914, our pet grocer would almost take it as a personal offence if he did not succeed in getting a good order at the back door on two or three days a week.

Maybe at the busiest hour of the morning his imperative knock would beat on the door, and if the answer to his tender inquiries happened to be in the negative, he would recite reproachfully, "No currants, raisins, jams, eggs, butter, sugar?"

At the sound of the voice of the charmer, it flashed through our brain like lightning that Mrs. Blank was coming to tea, and Mary Jane had said at an earlier period, "Butter's getting low, ma'am."

"But we had a pound yesterday."

"Yes, but it's all gone, ma'am, there was toast and —"

If we took the present ration, we will say of fats, for argument's sake—a ration which is the minimum necessary for health and physical exertion—it is very easy to add slightly to that minimum to satisfy the requirements of a normal human being who is capable of enjoying the good things of life.

In pre-war days the average person considered it necessary to provide three or four times that ration, with the result that there was always a waste.

We have now discovered what is vital as a minimum, and everything over this becomes more or less a luxury to be indulged in according to the length of one's purse or desires.

If every woman on patriotic or economic grounds kept this system as a basis for her weekly expenditure, she would not only help her family, but her country.

For we must not lose sight of the fact that in the years to come the world will feel the grave economic reaction of the period we have just passed through.

Real realise this. For all of us have been "living beyond our means"—our national income. The sooner we begin to retrench the quicker we shall pay our debt.

The sooner we realise, the swifter the remedy.

## CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

### WHAT CAN BE DONE TO BRING THEM CLOSER TO ONE ANOTHER?

#### WHERE TO BEGIN?

THE trouble with the reforming of our Church Services is—Where to begin? Where to end?

We can all criticise. We all know what we want taken out. But each wants a different omission.

It is no good trying to return to an archaic pre-Reformation service. Too much history is attached to our present ritual.

If I may give my own humble view, it is that Old Testament lessons should be omitted—or, if retained, the Prophets and Psalms. The "history" is obsolete.

It is lamentable for a heart-broken mother (for example) to go to church and hear vague threats and denunciations and Hebraic incitements to war.

PARISH PRIEST.

#### THE MIDDLE WAY.

THE Anglican Church is a "middle way," says your correspondent. Our Church has suffered from that reproach—if reproach it be—ever since the days of Hooker.

"It can only hold the tepid," he sapiently continues. Yet it has held, and still holds, ardent men for centuries.

Strange how experience is ignored by theorists in their desire to impose their theories on other people. AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

PATERNOSTER-ROW, E.C.

#### NO WAR BONUS FOR THE CLERGY.

A FRIEND who is chaplain to a big institution tells me that, although the salaries of all the officials there have been increased 30 to 40 per cent. during the war, his remains at the same modest figure (£200), on which he has to maintain his wife and family.

As people are fond of calling attention to the miserable pay of the clergy, this omission is rather strange—especially where the laity hold the purse-strings.

FAIR PLAY.

#### THE THINGS THAT JAR.

THE writer of the letter headed, "Our Services," voices the feelings of thousands. Do the jarring elements in the Church services never strike those in authority?

At this moment the clergy of all parishes in the land are busy seeking for the best and most fitting memorials to our dead. Could a better national one be found by the Church than the abolition, once for all, of the obsolete and intolerant Athanasian creed—a blot on the spirit of Christmas and Christianity, and never more so than now, when we are so constantly commemorating the death of the thousands of men of all creeds and none, who have laid down their lives for us, and who not even the Church could dare to say have "perished everlastingly"?

Could the leaders of our Church rise to this—to them—great effort and sacrifice, they might even win many people who now prefer to remain outside it.

A. L. T.

BURFORD, OXON.

#### DOES POWER AGREE WITH WOMEN?

SURELY Miss Willoughby is wrong when she states that women should not possess power.

Has it not been proved again and again that a woman is invariably forced to use this God-given gift where man is concerned?

What a large majority of good women who have uncomplainingly maintained their children and homes because of this lack of power in man.

Mrs. Farwell, Miss Macarthur and Miss Pankhurst, etc., have not, I am sorry to say, secured seats in Parliament, but they have certainly not failed in their cause for sheer hard work, and their fine efforts demand admiration, for here power is manifested.

A MERE WORKING GIRL.

#### NOT ALL BAD.

MAY I, in answer to letters from taxi-drivers, say that I did not mean to imply in my letter that all drivers were rude?

I use a great many taxis, and I have, of course, met nice drivers. General statements are often misleading, and I should not like to do anyone an injustice. I meant to appeal to the obvious section who are making it so difficult for the others. (No one is reader to resent them than the best kind of drivers.) I am sure this section could find courtesy pay.

As to my uniform, I am sorry to say I thought the larger the fare the more the driver gained, but I am told it is the short fares that pay best.

As to tips, they are only a little "civility for civility," and surely need not be looked upon as charity any more than are other tips.

If they are to be done away with, as your correspondent suggests, drivers' settled wages should be such that they become unnecessary.

ROSALIE NEISH.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 2.—A beautiful lawn adds much to the charm of a garden. At this season, providing the weather is favourable, useful work may be done to improve an unsatisfactory stretch of turf. Should it be infested with moss, rake as much of this out as possible with a sharp-toothed rake, then remove the worst weeds.

A mixture of sifted rich soil and decayed manure should next be spread evenly over the ground. Brush this about several times during the winter, and by March it will almost have completely disappeared. Roll the lawn well before mowing commences in April. E. F. T.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—BARRIE.



## WHAT ARTISTS HAVE SEEN IN FRANCE: AT CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS EXHIBITION



"Veid," a characteristic rendering of war front desolation by Mr. Paul Nash.



The late Captain Prince Antoine of Orleans and Braganza, by Mr. A. J. Mannings.

At the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition, which is to be opened by Sir Robert Borden at Burlington House on Saturday next. It includes nearly 400 war pictures.



**RUSSIAN PRISONERS HOMEWARD BOUND.**—Released Russian war prisoners awaiting arrival of the transport that is to convey them from Stettin back to their own country.

There are endless thousands of them to be repatriated. Some of the men carried the red flag, but there was no enthusiasm for Bolshevism amongst them.



**BLUE BOYS' 1919 BALL.**—Wounded soldiers in a Portsmouth Red Cross hospital celebrate the arrival of 1919 by a most successful fancy-dress ball.



**A WELL-EARNED REST.**—One of the guns of the famous French battery at Mériakerke, on the Belgian coast, now out of action after years of battle.—(French official.)



## WHY WE WANT A SMALLER CABINET.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S TASK IN THE CHOICE OF MEN.

By OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has gone to Cricketh to "think out" his new Cabinet.

He is wise. In the aloofness and serenity of his Welsh home he will be free from the embarrassing calls of ex-Ministers who imagine they have a prescriptive right to a seat in the Administration, and free further more from the office-seekers who make it a practice to "drop in" at No. 10 when Cabinets are in process of formation.

The construction of a Cabinet has always been a difficult and delicate task. It was the one problem which gave Gladstone sleepless nights. The dropping of worn-out colleagues, when they happen to be old friends; the selection of men for whom one has no strong personal predilection, yet whose qualifications for particular posts are manifestly irrefragable; the choice between two or three men equally qualified for the same office and each equally anxious to fill it; the inability to provide for more than a small percentage of the men with claims to Ministerial preferment; and the ever-growing difficulty of keeping down the size of the Cabinet to one which will ensure swiftness of decision and efficiency of work—these are some of the considerations which a twentieth century Prime Minister must face in preparing his list of Ministerial coadjutors.

### "THE INNER CIRCLE."

And the last consideration, I think, is the most important of all. The complexity of modern government and the specialisation of administrative functions have both served to swell the number of Ministers. Now there is talk of a Minister of Transport and Communications and a Minister of Health. Nothing but good can result from the creation of fresh departments for direct supervision of particular business, provided that they do not increase the dimensions of the Cabinet. Big Cabinets are unnecessary. The greatest war of all the ages has been "run" by a Cabinet of six.

Why not a Cabinet of six, or better still, of five?

Everybody with the most limited knowledge of public work is fully aware of the enormous waste of public time in consequence of the setting up of large and unwieldy committees. Most of the talk is invariably done by the men with the least practical experience of public business. The business man says little or nothing. He just votes.

It is so in the House of Commons. I could name twenty merchant princes, each a millionaire, whose voice is seldom, if ever, raised in the councils of the nation. Yet their judgment is frequently sought by Ministers behind the scenes and given in the brevity of a sixty-second "speech." Such a speech is infinitely more valuable to the State than a dozen pages of windy rhetoric in "The Parliamentary Debates." On more than one occasion it has saved the Exchequer millions of gold.

### DEEDS, NOT WORDS!

The perfect Cabinet should be a true microcosm of the House of Commons. From the 706 newly-elected M.P.s the Prime Minister has ample material to make his selection. Here he will find first-rate men in touch with the fighting forces, with capital and with labour. Let his five or six men be men with vision, with keen business minds, with broad human sympathies. The terms are not antagonistic. There is no need for mere orators. It was deeds and not words which won the war.

I have spoken of the difficulty of keeping down the size of the Cabinet. Up till the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet of 1916 it had grown steadily. Lord Derby's Cabinet of 1855 had thirteen members; Lord Palmerston's in 1867, fifteen; Mr. Gladstone's in 1868, sixteen; in 1880, fifteen; and in 1892, seventeen.

The Salisbury Government of 1886 had sixteen Cabinet Ministers; that of 1895 had nineteen, and when reconstructed in 1900 the total had reached twenty.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet of 1906 and that of Mr. Asquith which followed were equally numerous, the last named, which came to an end in December, 1916, reaching the enormous total of twenty-four.

The difficulties which beset the path of Mr. Asquith in the conduct of the war in the early stages were largely the result of the unwieldy size of his Cabinet. The temptation to debate instead of act was irresistible. We know the delays that arose in consequence. In large Cabinets, as in public meetings, speeches and debates invariably take the place of informal conversations.

The most momentous decisions in history have been made at informal gatherings. It is up to the Prime Minister to see—as I feel sure he will—that the output of work for the nation is not delayed by a lumbering and slow-moving machine.

E. A. J.

## TRAFFIC SCANDAL: HOW LONG?

PANTOMIMES AND THE STRUGGLE HOME.

By MONTAGU SHORE: Who points out the connection between demobilisation and the over-crowding in public vehicles.

I LIKE travelling under existing conditions. There is so much variety in a fifteen-minute tube journey.

First you sit—that is if the circumstances are abnormal. Then you stand—to permit a lady to sit.

Follows a brief period while you sway from side to side and make frantic efforts to keep hold of a strap. Then you topple into the lady's lap.

While you are still apologising, another twelve shilling in the pound taxpayer stamps on your foot with all the vigour of an angry lodger who has found a beetle in his boot. Then you are commanded to "Pass along, down the car, please!"

There's joy in it. It's living the life! It's the conventional way to travel.

True, if a couple of hundred men could be released from the millions in the Army we might run a few more trains, and thus would "Tommy" be making room for his uncle, so to speak.

But we must do things in their proper order. That is what we pay taxes for—not to get them done, but to do them in orderly fashion.

There's no royal road to demobilising an army. It must be done, step by step, as a baby learns to walk. Only the baby is the quicker of the two.

Mothers with their children were just leaving the pantomime the other evening.

For some three hours they had been in the warm atmosphere of the theatre. The little people, who in the future mean life to their country as to-day they mean happiness to their parents, were heated by the laughter and the excitement of the show. Mother comes out, one small child in arms; two at her skirts.

The weather is cold. The rain is falling. They cross the road, for the bus starts from the opposite side.

Splash! Splish! Ugh! Now the mother and her little people stand on the kerb to await the bus.

Most health-giving occupation for all—especially the little voters of the future.

Puddles, of course, are the finest things in the world for the public.

The main object of the war in Flanders—one might imagine—was to accustom our soldiers to

mud. The purpose being, of course, that when they came home they would teach their wives and children to appreciate a really nice deep puddle.

There are hundreds upon hundreds of folk standing here along the street awaiting the bus. The bus comes and goes, full before it arrives.

It performs one task in its course, however. It splashes our little people a little more. You can hear the mud speak:

"That's the sort of thing your father learned to stand in Flanders. When he is demobilised he will come and clear the drains for you!"

Bus after bus comes and goes.

No room in any of them.

Are there no more buses?

Yes, I am told, plenty.

No men to drive them?

Well, you see, the men are not demobilised yet.

Well, I reflect, perhaps after all the bulk of these waiting people are stupid? Perhaps they don't know there is the Underground Railway and the Tube.

Let me have a look!

I walk to Charing Cross. See, there is the Underground—and the gates are shut. For the moment the station is full, therefore we must wait with our children from the pantomimes, must wait awhile in the rain.

There will be more trains when the men come out of the Army.

I look round me as I come from that station, with standing room only blazoned about its atmosphere, and I see thousands of men walking aimlessly about. They are of all sorts, sizes and conditions. But they appear to have nothing to do. They are people of leisure—spending idle hours.

I wonder whether any of them could act as guards on trains, if they were put to it, or could they drive motor buses?

I have heard that first-rate ledger-clerks have peeled potatoes in the Army.

But, you see, there is order and discipline in an army.

In civil life we play catch-as-catch-can—and mothers with children coming home from pantomimes can't. So they wait in the wet.

It really is a scandal, this business of the buses, the Tubes and the Underground.

How long will it last?



British marines instructing Estonian soldiers in the use of the Madsen gun.



ALLIES HELP ESTHONIANS.—Rear-Admiral Sinclair at Reval. Leaving landing stage with Estonian officers for a conference.—(Official photograph.)

## NEED WE STILL HAVE "RATIONED GAMES"?

A CHANCE FOR OUR DULL PLEASURE RESORTS.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

The playgrounds of the Continental world will before very long be in full swing again and people will flock in larger crowds than ever to these happy hunting fields where we can legally enjoy just whatever distraction appeals most to our varied natures. For, abroad, the Englishman can play at games he cannot enjoy at home.

In England to have a chance in this game competition, and are our seaside resorts, our garden cities and our London (which is the capital of the cosmopolitan world) going to lend themselves to catering for the diversion of all classes—children and grown-ups, poor and rich?

Or is the stodge round of dubious gaiety to surfeit some of us and drive others to pastures new where money flows away from the national coffers that might so easily flow in to them?

Amusement, as a definitely recognised part of ordinary life, has come to stay, and we have realised that a paternal Government, looking askance at any stimulating pleasures that are not in the orthodox category of theatres, concert halls, sports and games, is an estriol, and should be made to see (what is obvious) that "All work and no play makes Jack and Jill" dull people, not likely to do their best in any capacity.

Play that is over-regulated becomes practically no play at all.

### HERE AND ABROAD.

Take a casino in any holiday place abroad and look round at the contented pleasure-seekers, forgetting fatigue and care in the joyous, yet orderly, fashion that is so difficult of accomplishment in England.

We promenade solemnly in the piers and round the stands and see a solid phalanx in a theatre or concert for three consecutive hours.

And there we set up spas or pleasure gardens, but the same formality and restrictions keep real effervescing gaiety in a tight leash; and the majority of visitors are simply marking time in the day's boredom.

Abroad you can set forth confidently with your whole family, and find in one enclosure indoor and outdoor relaxation of every kind.

There is the afternoon dance—such a healthy, light-hearted, temperate version of our all-night revolvings!

There is the concert or dramatic salon, where you can stray in and hear one number or see a short piece, and stray out again.

There are the croquet and tennis lawns, the Petit Guignol, for little lovers of Punch and Judy; the terraces, with their innumerable tables for "consummations" of all kinds, and, in addition, the petits jeux, that resource of middle-aged and elderly people disinclined for any of the active pastimes, and possibly disabled by deafness or brain fog or distaste, for any of the other opportunities of enjoyment.

Why not the petits jeux?

Why should people be safeguarded against their will from excess in money-losing any more than they should be from over-eating or drinking?

A normal individual with free will can surely be trusted to refrain from over-indulgence of any kind, without having a State hedge built up round him in his own country.

In France—where there is an admirable national trait of thrift—you see all sorts and conditions of men and women taking the chances of their petit-franc stake quite equably and going back to their work or ordinary occupation refreshed by their brief courtship of "la Veine."

### ALL IN THE OPEN.

On their raccoresses the totalisator prevents welsling and bookmaking, and gives a zest to the delight of the classic sport.

Lotteries of all kinds give work-weary people golden dreams that do no harm, and are less expensive than the gambling in stocks and shares that an Exchange sanctions.

One knows all the arguments against this fascination of money-making play by heart, with the hackneyed examples of the clerk who embezzles, the fobag who ruins his family, the daughter who toboggans downhill on a roulette board.

But, as a matter of fact, when games of chance are played in the open it is much more difficult for these sort of affairs to go on. The defaulters are easily spotted, and sordid tragedies of this kind are not appreciable statistics in relation to the freedom allowed in Continental amusements.

People will have the enjoyment that suits them and takes them farthest away from work and worry. Deny this to them by rule and rote in the light of publicists, and they burrow for it in the underworld.

We ought to stop rationing good games while we continue to allow a worse sort of the "night club" variety. Our men back from the front must have healthy amusement. When Dora dies let us see that they get it.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.



# BERLIN IN MORTAL FEAR OF THE GROWING POWER OF BOLSHEVISM GIVES



Troops from the front line divisions return to Berlin to be received almost as victors by the people of the German capital. Their greeting was an expression of the hope that they would be a guarantee of social safety and order.—(Daily Mirror exclusive.)



A demonstration in the streets of Berlin by members of the "storm troopers"—an extreme right wing group who have been carrying a machine gun and are mounting it on a motor-car.



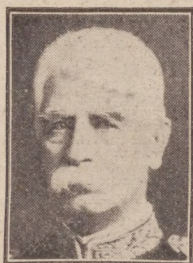
**A NEW COAT.**—One of the very newest afternoon coat creations. Velour is used in deep blue, and a striking stencil design supplies decorative effects.



**BRIG-GEN. CHARLES CORKRAN, C.M.G.**, mentioned for notably good service in Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's latest dispatch.



**FOR WAR WORK.**—The Marchioness of Lansdowne, who was recently invested by the King as a member of the Order of Companions of Honour.



**VETERAN V.C. ILL.**—Gen. Sir J. Hille-Johnes, V.C., the oldest living recipient of the Victoria Cross, who is reported to be seriously ill.



**THE WOULD NOT WAIT.**—Three thousand, five hundred waiters in New York City restaurants struck work in the midst of the new year celebrations.



**LONDON GRANARIES BURNT OUT.**—The huge granaries of the Port of London, which were burnt out by the German bombers, the damage done being estimated to exceed £500,000 in value. Fortunately, they appeared when almost gutted. Part of one of the walls has just been repaired.



**"PEACHES" PARTY.**—Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith give a party for the Peaches who appear in "Us" at the Ambassadors.



**AIRMAN P.M.**—Capt. John, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.



**K.C.B.**—Mr. Graeme, who was awarded the Order of the Bath.



# REVISM GIVES A WARM WELCOME TO THE SOLDIERY WHO MAY KEEP ORDER



Members of the "Black Legion"—an extreme revolutionary group. They have captured a motor-car which has been commandeered.—(Daily Mirror exclusive.)



Flower-decorated Hun soldiers with a machine gun ride in triumph through the dense crowds of cheering Berliners which gathered to greet the troops returning from the front.—(Daily Mirror exclusive.)



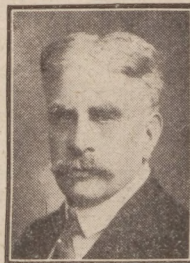
Granaries of the Great Eastern Railway in Shoreditch were entirely destroyed, 500,000 in value. Fortunately, there was no loss of life. The great stores as Part of one of the walls has just fallen.—(Daily Mirror exclusive.)



**K.C.M.G.**—Maj.-Gen. John Humphrey Davidson, C.B., D.S.O., who becomes a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.



**RED CROSS.**—Miss Sarah C. MacIsaac, matron of No. 9 Canadian Stationary Hospital in France, who has been awarded Royal Red Cross



**CANADA'S SHOW.**—Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, who will open Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at Burlington House.



**GRACEFUL DESIGN.**—A most attractive frock in navy blue serge. Drop-stitch embroidery in navy blue and white serves effectively as ornament.



**OBSTINATE AS MULES!**—Getting Army mules over the sticks at a race meeting held at Camp Upton, New York. The mules showed a decided disinclination to go over the top when they were desired to do so.



**AIRMAN**—Capt. John G. M.C., who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.



**K.C.B.**—Mr. Graeme Thompson, Secretary of Shipping, who becomes Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.



**D.S.O. PADRE MARRIED.**—Rev. T. S. Goudge, D.S.O., married to Miss Beatrice Legge at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, London.



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**ADELPHI.** "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. To-night at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.  
**AMBAZADORS.** TWICE DAILY. at 2.45 and 8.20  
**LEE WHITE** in a new song show. "US."  
**APOLLO.** Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY." Eggs. at 8 Mats. Tues. Fri. Sats. 2.30. Ger. 3243  
**COMEDY.**—Evenings, at 8. "TAILS UP." A Musical Entertainment. Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.30.  
**COURT.**—Shakespeare's Comedy. "TWELFTH NIGHT." To-day and Twice Daily, at 2.15 and 7.45.  
**CRITERION.** "YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW." To-day, and Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.  
**DALYS.** "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Nightly, at 7.45. Mats. Tues. and Sats. at 2. (3rd Year.)  
**DRURY LANE.** (Vol. Ger. 2500.)—Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30. "BABES IN THE WOOD."  
**DUKE OF YORKS.** "THE MAN FROM TORONTO." Daily, 2.30 and 8. George Dally, Iris Hooy, Eric Lewis.  
**GARRICK.**—(Ger. 9515.)—Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8  
**CHARLEY'S AUNT.** by Brandon Thomas. Evenings, at 8.  
**GLOBE.** "NURSE HENSON." MARIE LOHR. Mats. Tu. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.  
**HAYMARKET.**—Nightly, 8. DENNIS KAHLE in "THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS." Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30.  
**HIS MAJESTY'S.** "CHU CHIN CHOW." Twice Daily, at 2.15 and 7.30 (until Jan. 4.) 3rd Year.  
**HIS MAJESTY'S.**—Monday, Jan. 6, onwards, Nightly, 7.30. Matinee, Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. at 2.15.  
**KINGSWAY.** (Ger. 4032.)—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8. "A WEEK-END." New Farce by Walter W. Miles.  
**LONDON PAVILION.**—C. B. Cochran's "AS YOD WEBB." Eggs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**LYCEUM.** "CINDERELLA." Pantomime. "GINDERELLA." Twice Daily, 2 and 7. Popular prices. Ger. 7017.  
**LYRIC.** "DORIS KEANE in 'ROXANA.'" Nightly, at 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**LYRIC OPERA HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH.** Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. MAKE BELIEVE by A. A. Milne.  
**NEW.**—To-day, at 2. PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. Daily, at 2. Thurs. and Sat. Eggs. at 7 (over at 10.10).  
**OXFORD.**—IN THE NIGHT WATCH. Ger. 8.15  
**PLAYHOUSE.**—Nightly, 8. "MIR. NAUGHTY WIFE." Charles Hawtrey, Gladys Cooper, Matt. M. 2.15. 8. 2.50.  
**PRINCE'S.**—(Gerard 3400.) "JOLLY JACK TAR." Pantomime. 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. Sat. 2.15.  
**QUEEN'S.** "THE LUCK OF THE NAVY." Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8. See the Sensational Submarine Scene. Re-appearance of  
**QUEEN'S.** PERCY HUTCHINSON. "THE TWICE." Arnold Bennett. Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8. Arthur Smith, Eva Moore.  
**ST. JAMES.**—GERTRUDE ELLIOTT in "EYES OF YOUTH." Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**ST. MARTIN'S.**—AT 8. "THE OFFICERS' MESS." New Musical Farce. Matinee, Wed. Fri. Sat. 2.30.  
**SAVOY.** (Ger. 2366.)—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.15. Gilbert Miller presents "THE KING OF THE TRUTH."  
**SCALA.**—MATHESON LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. The Ideal Holiday Play.  
**SWANSTON.** "YVES D'UNY." 2nd Year. Eggs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.  
**STRAND.**—Arthur Boucher in "SCANDAL." Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.  
**VAUDEVILLE.**—At 8. Nelson Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ." Maxine Hammer. Mats. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30.  
**VICTORIA PALACE.**—Matinees, Daily, at 2. "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS." Price 1/6.  
**WYNDHAM'S.** "THE LAW DIVINE." To-day, and Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.  
**ALHAMBRA.**—Eggs. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15  
"The Bing Boys on Broadway." Geo. Robey, Violet Lorraine  
**COLISEUM.**—(Ger. 7541) 2.30 and 7.45. Serge Diaghilev's Russian Ballet. Arthur Prince. Matinee, Wed. 2.30.  
**HIPPONDROME.** London. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.15. 2nd Edition of "Box Office." Harry Lauder and Lesley.  
**MASKELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.** 3 and 8. Monday Programme. 5s. to 15. Mayfair 1545.  
**PALACE.**—Eggs. at 8. Mats. Wed. Sat. at 2. "HITLO AMERICA." Elsie Janis, Billy Mosson, Owen Nares.  
**PALADIUM.**—2.30 and 8.20. Prella Loring.  
Neil Kington, Geo. Moray, Percy Hoar, Whit. Carlisle.  
**SURRENDER GERMAN FLEET.** Queen's Hall, To-day, Fri. and Sat. and next week, at 8. Mats. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.20.  
**NEW GALLERY.**—2 to 11. Madge Kennedy in "BABY MINIE." At 2.30, 5, 7.15, 8.30, etc.

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## 'DAILY MIRROR' REFLECTIONS

for 1919

"The Daily Mirror" Publishing Offices,  
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#### PERSONAL.

Will anyone who knows of an Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer, or Private Soldier who has been blinded or practically deprived of sight in the war, and who is not at a London Hospital, be so good as to communicate with Sir Arthur Pearson, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-garden, Shepherd's Bush Green, W.12.

STUPID LUGS Hairs removed, without trace, complete permanent cure guaranteed, plain cover, 3d. only.—Mary Hamilton, Timperton, Birmingham.

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**A MOTHER'S VOW!** "I will always keep a box of Zam-Buk handy."





Miss Myrtle Farguharson, nursing at Lady Lorton's hospital.



The Countess of Clancarty, taking a leading part in the revival of dancing.

## FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

The Minister Without Coupon—Lord French and Ireland.

ULATION is rife about the grants to be to our victorious commanders. The following estimates are somewhere between £100,000 apiece: Admiral Beatty, £250,000 each; General Milne and Marshall (because they held independent commands), £25,000 each. Probably no grant will be proposed for the Army commanders.

### Returning to Town.

The Prime Minister is expected back in London on Sunday with his new Ministry list and that of the British delegates to Paris in his pocket. He will probably leave for France the following week-end for the Inter-Allied Conference, which will start the week after next. They have been delayed because of President Wilson's visits to Rome and Brussels.

### Per-Contages.

Political experts love to play about with percentages after an election. One of them points out to me that one of the highest polling percentages was scored by Sir William Sutherland, who polled 81 per cent. of the total votes. Mr. Bonar Law's poll was 79 per cent. and Mr. J. W. Pratt's 78 per cent.

### The Sins of Politics.

The question of the Liberal Party's campaign fund is intriguing a good many people. But a shrewd political friend presented the case from a new angle yesterday. "Where are the funds?" he says.

### Costly Propaganda.

He suggests that the propaganda of the last two years has pretty well emptied the party chest. If this is so, what a piquant situation is presented—of all this ink being shed over a war-chest that may not exist at all!

### A Leader.

It must be a very bitter pill for Mr. Arthur Henderson to swallow that his triumphant opponent, Mr. Clem Edwards, has been selected to lead the eleven National Democratic and Labour members in the House of Commons. Mr. Edwards has just been appointed chairman of the Parliamentary Party.

### Anti-Pacifist.

Mr. Edwards formerly sat for East Glamorgan as a Liberal. He rendered fine service to the country throughout the war, recruiting thousands of miners, and stemming the tide of pacifism in South Wales.

### Overlooked.

There is no doubt that someone has blundered in regard to the stranding of Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, the late M.P. for Hereford. The seat was wiped out under the Reform Act, and no one seems to have noticed that Professor Hewins, although he was a Minister, being Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was left without either certificate or constituency.



Professor Hewins.

### Retiring.

Mr. Hewins, being, like most professors, modest, also omitted to mention it, and the result is that the Government has lost a valuable member.

### Will They Resign?

There is now a rumour that Mr. Devlin and Captain Redmond may resign. It is said that they would not suffer the humiliation of returning to Parliament as things are.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### The Lord-Lieutenant.

I understand that it is absolutely certain that Lord French will remain Viceroy of Ireland. The little intrigues against him have collapsed.

### Terrorism.

I asked a cool and impartial Irishman (there are such Irishmen) why the Sinn Féiners had swept the green island. He replied "terrorism," and he added that terrorism was the sole weapon of the Bolsheviks in Germany and Russia. He added the view that the middle classes were "slugs."

### Good Stories.

Sir William Sutherland, K.C.B., has an alter ego. He and Sir Edmund Browne, the well-known standing counsel to many trade unions, are inseparable, and seem to have an endless fund of good stories to tell each other whenever I see them at the N.L.C.

### Mr. Dillon's Health.

A report which reaches me from Dublin regarding Mr. Dillon's health is not too reassuring. He is suffering, it appears, from a serious cold, and the doctors are in constant attendance. Friends are not permitted to see him, nor is he allowed to read even urgent correspondence.

### Coming Home.

Many of our officer prisoners are being fêted on their way to England—even now! "From leaving Baden," one tells me, "I had a royal progress. I never spent a penny on anything, and I never had a railway ticket. Being a returning prisoner was enough to awaken everybody's kindness."

### A Court of Subalterns.

Some of our very newest subalterns sent to replace the fighters are extremely young and cheeky. In one case that strictly illegal and private tribunal, a "subalterns' court-martial," has been convened to try the offender.

### The Indictment.

The charge was "When on notice service, date unknown, committing a piece of blither."



Lady Huntingfield is the daughter of Judge Crosby, of New York.



Mrs. R. Orred, a Fitz-Clarence, whose husband is in the Guards.

ing check in that he, (1) standing before a portrait of Sir Douglas Haig inquired who the Old Bird was; and (2) on being correctly informed, replied 'Lucky' he's not in my platoon. He's improperly dressed—wearing a watch chain' (or words to that effect)."

### T.D.

This morning the Gazette contains a long list of officers who have received the Territorial decoration for good work. The Hon. Alwyne Greville, the Earl of Warwick's brother, who commands the Essex Yeomanry, heads the list.

### Airmen to Marry.

A very well-known airman, Captain Ronald Charteris, is to be married ere long to Mrs. James Valentine. The bride-to-be is Lord Lonsdale's niece and the widow of Colonel James Valentine, of the R.A.F., who died at Odessa while he was on service.

### Sword and Pen.

Major Owen Vaughan, who has been awarded the D.S.O., is a soldier of many ears and the author of many books. As "Owen Rhoscomyl" he has written some excellent historical fiction of his own country, which you may guess from his name.

### The Royal Box.

I hear from Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson that the King has donated the royal box to the funds of the Great Stage Ball which is being given at the Albert Hall in aid of our blinded soldiers' children. And the Prince of Wales has followed suit. Everyone in theatreland is coming in character.

### How to Demobilise.

Demobilisation literature is causing much tribulation in France. Much of it consists of elegantly-written essays more calculated to improve "Tommy Atkins'" literary taste than to give him the information he craves. One such essay, entitled "Demobilisation and Resettlement—No. 3," actually starts off with a dissertation on how Joshua demobilised the children of Israel.

### His First Flight.

Major Quimell, R.A.F., who has just won the D.S.O., was reporting an agricultural show in Waterford for an Irish newspaper when Lord Carbery, the flying peer, took him for a trip in his aeroplane. Thereafter young Quimell developed a passion for flying, and his Irish friends expect great things of him in the Royal Air Force.

### Peace and Paint.

A London house-painter tells me that since the armistice he has been "snowed under" with orders. Everybody, he says, is anxious to have their premises looking "spick and span" before peace day.

### Not the Same.

There have been several announcements lately about "Miss Evelyn Bouchier, daughter of the distinguished actor," and a film-actress. Mr. Arthur Bouchier, whom I met him yesterday, pointed out that his only daughter is not named Evelyn and she is not a film-actress.

### "The Pepper-Pot."

Our soldiers' language is deservedly famed for its graphic qualities. The railway station at Valenciennes, for example, is so full of holes that it is known to every British soldier in the town as "the pepper-pot."

### An Official Bull.

An Irish official serving in a Government office over here recently wired to his head: "Boat departed before arrival." The whole department was immensely tickled.

### Royal Relaxation.

Queen Alexandra is becoming quite a 'bea-tro-goer' again, after having inclined more to "the pictures" of late. Yesterday I saw her in the royal box at the Duke of York's during the matinee with Prince Olaf.

### Roll of Honour.

Of melancholy interest is the supplement to the current *Play Pictorial*—a list of stage-folk, numbering over 200, who made the supreme sacrifice during the war. I notice such well-known names as those of Basil Hallam, Scott Craven, Arthur Holmes-Gore and Evelyn Beerbolm.

### The Unfair Fare.

Many season ticket holders are asking if season tickets are ever going to come down to their old rates. It is suggested that railway managers took advantage of the air raid exodus from London to slap on an increase which they always meant to be permanent. Anyway, it is the public that pays—as ever!

### No Fees.

A Shakespearean revival seems to be threatened. Miss Doris Keane has announced her firm intention of doing "Romeo and Juliet"



Miss Lillian Brailwaite.

at a future date—not that "Roxana" is anything but a success—and Mr. J. B. Fagan will follow up "Twelfth Night" with other Bardic revivals.

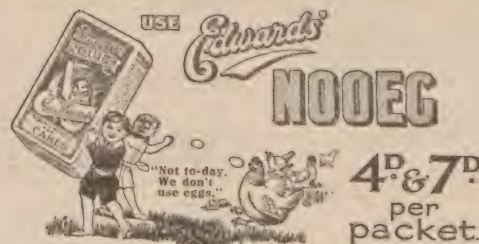
A. A. Miss Eva Moore and Miss Lillian Brailwaite—here-with—are on the new council of the newest trades union. This is the Actors' Association, which means to make things easier for the hardworking and oft-exploited mummer.

### At the Stage Ball.

I have just heard that Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Owen Nares are going to the great stage ball in the Albert Hall as Romeo and Juliet. There is evidently a Shakespeare boom on.

THE RAMBLER.

## DO WITHOUT EGGS!



FOR CAKES, YORKSHIRE AND ECONOMY PUDDINGS

Your Grocer will return your money if not satisfied.

### AVOID SUBSTITUTES.

Edwards' NOOEG stands alone. There is nothing else 'just as good.' Note that each packet bears the signature "GEO. T. EDWARDS," and do not accept any other.

Should you be unable to obtain NOOEG from your Grocer, please write giving your Grocer's name and address, when we will send a sample packet free of charge.

ROCK CAKES (Use No Eggs).—Empty a packet of NOOEG into a mixing bowl, thoroughly rub in 4 ozs. of butter or margarine, add 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a few currants or sultanas (or if preferred caraway seeds), a pinch of grated nutmeg or mixed spice. Mix all the dry ingredients together, then thoroughly stir in with sufficient milk to make into a stiff batter. Put the mixture into 24 well greased patty tins dusted with dry flour to prevent sticking, bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

G. T. EDWARDS' CO., LTD., Adine Road, Plaistow, E.



# THE DEPUTY GIRL

By JUNE BOLAND

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**EVE MERRIAM**, secretly married three years ago and deserted by her husband. Alone in the world, she accepts the post of companion to a Mrs. Halsey. On her first arrival at her new home she is introduced to Mrs. Halsey's son, **MAURICE HALSEY**, whom she recognises as her errant husband. Eve herself loves and is loved by **PETER LISLE**, who does not know of the barrier between them.

**RACHEL VANE**, a guest of the Halseys, herself thins to marry Maurice and treats Eve very coolly, securing a possible rival. A surprise is occasioned by Miss Vane suddenly announcing her engagement to Maurice.

Mrs. Halsey is not easy in her mind. Her secret desire is for Maurice to fall in love with Eve. Shortly afterwards Eve receives a surprise by the appearance of Peter Lisle at the Halseys' house. After a stormy scene with Maurice Eve leaves the Halseys' house, to return, however, when Mrs. Halsey announces that her son has fallen in action. Later, Eve, walking in the park one evening, encounters Peter. Eve, there and then, agrees to be his wife.

But a terrible surprise is in store for Peter. He learns that he may have to lose his sight. Eve, however, declares that she will marry him in spite of all. Mrs. Halsey accompanies Eve on a visit to her new home.

Shortly after Peter arrives. While talking to him Eve notices a shadowy figure approaching towards them across the lawn. It was Maurice Halsey—returned, as it were, from the grave!

## RECOGNITION.

"HAVE we been once round the room, Eve? Let us sit down if we have."

"Yes—would you like to stop?" Eve asked a little anxiously. The strain of piloting Peter round the ballroom had been intense. She had performed it successfully, and she welcomed his suggestion.

"Can't we go into the conservatory?" Peter asked. He still kept his arm round her as they slowly moved towards the doorway. "Yes," Eve whispered, "I am guiding you towards it now."

"Thank you, dear heart."

Peter's words and tone brought the surging colour to Eve's cheeks.

"Now," she whispered, "we are just at the door. Shall we stop dancing?" I will slip my hand through your arm and guide you."

Peter nodded his head. Many people had been watching the handsome couple dancing together, and more than one girl envied Eve a little.

Peter was such a splendid-looking man, head and shoulders above his fellows, and yet he did not give the impression of being too tall, as some men do. His black hair and deep grey eyes, too, gave him that romantic look beloved of all women.

Amongst those who were watching Peter and Eve was Rachel Vane. She moved towards them and touched Eve on the arm as they reached the door of the conservatory.

"Are you happy?" she whispered, meeting Eve's eyes. Eve's lips parted in a smile.

"I am very happy," she answered.

"I am glad," said Rachel simply. She stood a little to one side as they moved forward, and Peter stopped all at once.

"Miss Vane," he said, "may I have the pleasure of the next dance?"

"I shall be delighted," Rachel answered. She glanced inquiringly at Eve. The thought of dancing with Peter frightened her.

Eve nodded her head and smiled, but she, too, felt a little anxious. She wondered why Peter had ventured.

"That was Miss Vane, wasn't it?" Peter asked quickly, when he felt once more the pressure of Eve's fingers upon his arm. "I am getting better than I like, Eve. By the way, he went on with a quick frown. "It was Miss Vane I mistook for you when I came, wasn't it?" Eve's features contracted with pain for a moment.

"Yes—it was, I wish—"

She broke off. Looking round for a chair and seeing one a little farther on she guided Peter towards it. As they went forward they passed a khaki-clad figure who sat with bowed head and eyes fixed on the floor.

Eve was intent on getting Peter safely to the settee. She sat down, slipping her hand into his, for she thought that they were alone.

"It is cooler in here," Peter said in a low voice. "Are we alone, Eve, or is there anyone near?"

"There is no one," she began. Then she caught sight of the soldier seated not far off.

"At least there is one man, but no one who is the man in the chair suddenly sat erect, throwing up his head, he looked straight into Eve's eyes. And as he looked he saw Eve's face grow white, her lips part, and she gazed towards him, unable to speak, unable to move, but only to gaze—to gaze until it seemed to Maurice that her eyes widened in an unspeakable horror.

"What is it, Eve? Why have you stopped speaking? Has anything happened?" Peter asked quickly. There was a faint anxiety discernible in his voice.

Eve's hand, which lay in his, clung to his strong fingers all at once, as one clings who tries to save himself from some catastrophe. Peter laid the other hand quickly over it: "What—it is what it is, Eve? I can feel you trembling—sweetheart, tell me."

Eve moved. She was as if she awoke from a trance. She cast an agonising look towards the

man who was watching her, who sat immovable as she, save for his eyes.

"—Peter—" Eve faltered. "It is just that I feel a little—giddy. I think the room—was hot."

She jerked the words out in little sentences, and for a moment removed her eyes from that other face to Peter's. She saw relief pass over his countenance.

"My darling," he said, "I will go and get you some water"—he laid rose, then rested himself with a gesture of infinite impatience—"hang it!" he said beneath his breath. "I forgot. Is there no servant near?" he went on, "who could get you anything?"

"No—no... I do not want anything. I am all right, Peter dear, really." Her eyes were still fixed on that figure opposite her—her soul leapt into his eyes, a wild, a passionate appeal in them. "Do not come, do not come now—afterwards, when he has gone—when Peter is not with me."

"WHAT WILL TO-MORROW BRING?"

HE whole nature concentrated on that one idea—to save Peter from knowledge, from the shock. She felt a deadly faintness creeping over her consciousness, but with all her strength she continued to fight. For a moment she closed her eyes, her heart cried to God to help her.

Then Eve became aware of a figure which had placed itself between her and that which she did not want to see, that which was already beginning to darken her vision with its terrible agony as she grasped the fact that the man in khaki was indeed Maurice, was indeed her own husband. She opened her eyes to look into those of Tom Grattan Smith. He was looking steadily at her—his ruddy face, too, was pale. He had seen.

"Mrs. Halsey," he said, "let me take you, and Peter, too, to a more quiet spot. She is not looking very well, Peter," he went on. "The library—wasn't let us all three go to the library."

Tom cast a quick look backward. He had only arrived an hour before, and as he was not a dancer he had amused himself by examining the collection of plants and flowers. He was engaged in this, humming to himself as he was wont, when he had suddenly come upon drama—tragedy.

With quick common sense he had decided what to do when he realised the identity of the man sitting with his eyes fixed on Eve.

"Good old Tom," Peter exclaimed. "All this hubbub is too much for Eve. Let us all retire to the library. Get her a glass of wine."

"All right," Tom answered steadily. He put a hand on Eve's arm. "You brave woman," he said beneath his breath, "can you hold out?"

Eve bowed her head. The next moment Tom was placing them towards the library, which lay beyond the drawing-room.

As they left the conservatory Maurice suddenly sprang to his feet; then he found a glass being thrust into his hand.

"There you are! Sorry I've been so long," said Spender gaily. "Extraordinary how difficult it is to get a glass of water down."

Maurice gulped the cold water down.

"Thanks," he said. His face was so white that Spender looked at him anxiously. "Look here," he said hesitatingly. "I don't know if you're staying here, but I should think bed's the best place for you, my dear fellow."

Maurice sank down into the chair again. He nodded, but he had scarcely heard a word. He appeared to be sunk in a sort of apathy. Spender looked uneasily round, then a relieved look came into his face as he recognised Grattan.

He made a step towards him.

"Look here," he said, indicating the man in the chair, "I don't know who that chap is—but he's a bit queer—" "I know him—I'll look after him," Tom answered quickly. "Oh, that's all right, then," Spender was immensely relieved. "Then I'll go and do my duty to the wallflowers." He turned and strolled towards the music and the dancers.

Tom waited till he was out of sight, then he went over and touched Maurice on the shoulder.

"Halsey," he said, "can I be of any assistance to you? I saw what happened just now—I gather, of course, that you arrived to-night without any previous knowledge on the part of the part of your father."

Maurice raised his eyes and looked dully up the misery in their depths staggered Tom. He had come up to the man with a feeling of intense antagonism, of hatred almost, but now he looked into those eyes with their expression of deep misery, pity stirred within his soul.

He put out his hand impulsively.

"Look here," he said, "can you get to bed without anyone—anyone else seeing you, and wait until to-morrow? It would be the wisest thing to do."

Maurice took the hand outstretched to him, then staggered to his feet. He made an effort to pull himself together. "Yes," he said slowly, "it would be the best thing to do."

"Can I help you," asked Tom, a little at a loss.

"Smith will—will attend to me," Maurice answered in the same dull voice. Then he looked at Tom: "Perhaps you—you will find him for me."

"I'll do that with pleasure," Tom answered quickly. He glanced at Maurice again. "Don't you think," he added, "that it would be advisable for you to get somewhere where you are less likely to be seen?"

"You are right," Maurice said. He began to walk slowly away from the brilliantly lit drawing-room, while Tom followed him, glancing anxiously about.

Ten minutes later he breathed a sigh of infinite relief. The door of a bedroom had just closed on him. He remained for a moment waiting, then went quickly down the passage. The room was situated in a far wing of the house—no one would disturb Maurice until to-morrow.

"To-morrow—to-morrow," muttered Tom. "God, what will to-morrow bring?"

## HOPELESS DAWN.

IT was Eve herself who broke the news to Mrs. Halsey. Very gently she took the old lady's hand in hers and told her that her son had been given back to her. It was some time before she understood, some time before she could take in that he had verily returned, as it were, from the dead. Eve explained how Maurice had lain for long in a state of semi-unconsciousness, knowing nothing, not even his own identity, and then later how he had made attempts to escape, and had at last been successful.

The old lady lay back on her pillows staring at Eve with almost vacant eyes. It was so impossible to understand, this thing which had happened. Eve stroked her forehead gently. She had endured a night of anguish, and her face was white, while dark lines were beneath her eyes. She had played her part to the end and then later how he had made attempts to escape, and had at last been successful.

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Tom had stood with sympathetic eyes, gazing into her face, and holding her hand in his awkward grasp.

"By God!" he said, "you are a brave woman—you mustn't mind my saying so, I'm going to stand by you and help"—Eve's face suddenly quivered with an uncontrollable agony—"I'll tell Mrs. Halsey."

Eve's hand tightened on Tom's fingers.

"Not to-night—please not to-night," she whispered. "Wait until to-morrow; you said—"

"Poor chap, yes," answered Tom. He recalled the suggestion on Maurice's face when he had suggested waiting. "He thought it best to wait until to-morrow."

Tom glanced half-timidly into Eve's face.

"But you," he said, then paused and added beneath his breath, "and Peter—"

Eve's lips grew white.

"You will tell Peter, Mr. Grattan—please?"

"Of course I will—and old Halsey. I'll see him first thing to-morrow morning."

Eve suddenly put her hand to her head.

"I can't think any more to-night," she said pitifully. "It seems to me as if—"

She was unable to continue speaking, and a few moments later Tom watched her helping Mrs. Halsey upstairs. The old lady was talking gaily of the success of her party.

"But you must take a good rest to-morrow, Eve," she said, holding up an admonishing finger and looking affectionately into Eve's face. "can't have you looking so white on your wedding day."

A bitter cry of anguish escaped Eve's lips. Her wedding day—her wedding day. That day would never come now. She put her hand to her throat.

"What is it, Eve?" asked Mrs. Halsey. She was a little alarmed, Eve was looking so white.

"Nothing—just a little giddiness, I think," Eve faltered. "I shall send Summons to help you to bed," said Mrs. Halsey anxiously.

"No, please, please not. I would rather be alone."

Eve never knew how she lived through that night. Hour after hour passed—hours heaving with dumb grief. And when at last the dawn came, Eve, still in her filmy grey dress, drew aside the curtain and looked forth upon a grey world.

She stood with clasped fingers, staring out at the still sky, at the black stems of the trees.

"If I could die," she thought passionately, "if I could only die!"

But she knew she must go on living—she knew she must face to-day, to-morrow and many days.

"Oh, God," she prayed, lifting her hands and stretching them forth with a gesture of pleading, "Oh, God, help me to bear it—and help him to bear it... Peter!"

When the maid came with the tea she found Eve dressed and with a book on her lap. She had changed into a plain morning gown, and with all her might she was successful in preserving an outward calm. She was to meet Tom in the library at eight o'clock; together they would consult what course to pursue.

"I must be brave—I must be brave," Eve repeated to herself, and, parrot-like, the cry continued all through her interview with Tom, her interview with her father in law. It was at his request that she had gone at length to Mrs. Halsey's room—hers was the difficult task of breaking the news.

Then bring him to me—bring my boy to me, Eve," the old lady cried when at length she understood. Her pale eyes shone with the glory of mother-love. She had forgotten everything but herself and Maurice.

Tom was waiting to see you," Eve said very gently. She went to the door of the bedroom and opened it.

"Will you come in to your mother?" she whispered, not trusting her voice to speak aloud.

Maurice was standing waiting. He knew that Eve was with his mother, and now as she stood before him he held out both his hands.

"Eve," he said brokenly, "Eve, won't you welcome me home again, my wife?"

Don't miss to-morrow's instalment.

## The Eggs have arrived!

The Proprietors of Cook's Farm Eggs regret that any customers should have been inconvenienced by the recent temporary shortage. This shortage has now been overcome, and it is no longer necessary to accept inferior substitutes. Insist on having the real thing. Millions of Eggs have hitherto been supplied by Donald Cook & Son, Ltd., for the exclusive use of our wounded. Owing to the cessation of fighting, the needs of the Military Hospitals are now on a smaller scale; and substantial supplies are available.

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(DRIED)  
per 2/6 dozen

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In cartons of  
**One dozen Eggs 2/6**  
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**Every Carton Guaranteed.**

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D.M.



# The WAR BOND OPTIONS

What they are and what their impending withdrawal means

"Worth an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent."

THE present issue of National War Bonds will be discontinued on Saturday, January 18th, and the conversion rights attached to these Bonds will never be renewed. If you have not yet realised how valuable these rights are, read the following independent statement from the Financial columns of "The Times."

"It may be useful to emphasize, for the benefit of the general public, the subsidiary point in the Treasury announcement, to which great importance is naturally attached in financial circles. This is the fourth statement that even if other bonds of similar character are subsequently issued—because obviously the Exchequer will not then have ceased to need to borrow in some shape—they will not be given the right of conversion into the Five per Cent. (or Four per Cent.) War Loan, or the other conversion rights attached to the present issue. We have probably said before, but it is as well to repeat it now, that the view taken by the most expert bankers is that these 'options' are worth at least an additional half per cent. to the investor in War Bonds. At the moment their value may not be so well appreciated by the public, but among professional financiers who are accustomed to weigh the value of options of this sort, it has always been held that the right to a 'call' on Five per Cent. War Loan at 95 for five, seven or ten years as the case may be, cannot be worth less than that. There are now to be no more of these options in future, and anybody who wants to secure that advantage had better take it while he can."

# NATIONAL War Bonds

Write to your Banker or Stockbroker by to-day's post and instruct him to invest the whole of your available capital—in 5 per cent. War Bonds, redeemable in 1928. No future Government issue will give you all the advantages which are combined in War Bonds.

## SIMPLE TENDENCIES OF DANCE GOWNS



Mauve metallic sequins form the simple bodice of this dance gown veiled across one side on silver-patterned cloth. The gown is of satin in a faintly mauve shade of grey. Chinchilla and velvet form the cloak.

A ribbon of rose napon edged with jet falls over the shoulders and skirt of a plain pink georgette gown for evening wear, which boasts lines of lace at widening intervals. There are tiny shoulder straps of rose velvet.

## CALL TO ALL WOMEN.

War Experience Needed to Build Up Peace Industries.

### THE PART OF THE RICH.

Where are our business women—our women capitalists?

Women throughout the country have indeed "made good" in every line of war work. Many found they had excellent business instincts. Are these to be wasted now peace is with us and when the business brain will be the brain that counts?

NOW is the time for business women to come to the front. They should be building up industries from the experience they have gained in war.

There is a score of trades to wrest from German hands.

A firm recently received an offer of well-made fancy goods. It was discovered that they had been manufactured in Germany and sent to Holland to await consignment through safe hands to dump in England.

"Many women have learned the art of making fancy goods in leather," a woman craftsman said to "The Daily Mirror."

"There is no reason why a 'ring' of wealthy women should not instal factories for women's work."

"Thousands of women are anxious to continue their money-earning trades. Trade now needs the wealthy woman and the worker."

"The world's best market is in England. The making of lenses, toys, bags and hosts of light trades should be in the hands of English women."

### "ON WITH THE DANCE."

Dancing Schools Crowded with Men Learning the Newest Steps.

There is a rush to learn new dances in the West End. Officers are paying as much as a guinea an hour to learn the latest steps. The popular dances of the season seem to be the Hesitation, Fox Trot, Annie Step, Pickle Toe and Jazz. The Canadian Three-Step is liked by many men. The waltz, even, may be revived.

"A queue of officers waits every morning to take lessons at my dancing school," a well-known dancer said to "The Daily Mirror." "I have difficulty in finding enough practice rooms. There is a difficulty, too, for us. My dance teachers often marry their officer pupils. I am constantly in search of new teachers."

### COMFORTS FOR TROOPS WANTED.

The Director-General of Voluntary Organisations notifies that the following gift articles are especially needed—Mufflers, mittens, helmets, hand-knitted socks, handkerchiefs (dark shades), boxing gloves, footballs, hockey sticks and balls, indoor games of all kinds.

Gifts should be forwarded to the nearest Voluntary Organisations' depot or to the Comforts Depot, 45, Horseferry-road, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.

## VIMY ON CANVAS.

Wonderful War Picture on View at Canadian Memorial Exhibit.

### ARTIST'S QUICK WORK.

At the Royal Academy yesterday "The Daily Mirror" found several artists taking a deep interest in their own and other paintings which comprise the wonderful Canadian War Memorial Exhibition.

Miss Annie Airy, R.E., R.O.I., R.I., had many interesting things to say about her study of a cookhouse at Witley Camp.

The Canadian War Records Office, who are responsible for the organisation of the exhibition, were greatly relieved when Major Jack, A.R.A., announced that he had finished his huge canvas, "Vimy Ridge," at nine o'clock yesterday.

Major Jack was in France less than two weeks ago perfecting small features of his wonderful picture, and it was feared that it would not be ready in time.

The exhibition will be opened to-morrow by Sir Robert Borden.

### LAND OF BEAUTY.

"Daily Mirror's" Search for the Venus of War Workers.

The "Daily Mirror's" search by means of a competition for beautiful women who have been engaged on war work has established the fact that Britain is still the land of beauty.

Tens of thousands of women are competing for the honour of winning the principal prize in the tourney.

The £1,000 offered by "The Daily Mirror" to Britain's most beautiful women war workers will be divided into forty-nine cash prizes, thus—

First prize .....	£500	Twenty prizes .....	£10
Second prize .....	100	each of .....	
Third prize .....	50	Twenty-five prizes .....	5
Fourth prize .....	25	each of .....	

In addition the first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France some time in the spring. The journey to Paris and back will be made by aeroplane.

The closing date of the competition is January 15. Photographs received later will run the risk of being disqualified.

Letters must not accompany photographs. The name and address of the competitor, the branch of war service in which she is, or has been, engaged and her height must be written on the back of each portrait submitted.

All photographs should be addressed to the Beauty Competition Editor, "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

### NEW YEAR RECORD.

A record has been established at West London Police Court, where, during the New Year, not a case of drunkenness has been brought before the magistrate. The jurisdiction of the Court covers Kensington, Hammersmith and Fulham, which have a population of close on half a million.

## BEAUTIFUL HAIR, THICK, WAVY, FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Draw a Moist Cloth Through Hair and Double Its Beauty At Once.

Immediate?—Yes! Certainly!—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after an application of Danderine. Also try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, charming, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and try it as directed. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

### THEIR FIRST KISS.

Hold the picture at arm's length, and draw it slowly towards you. Watch closely, and you will see their first kiss.



### THESE ARE CHARACTERS

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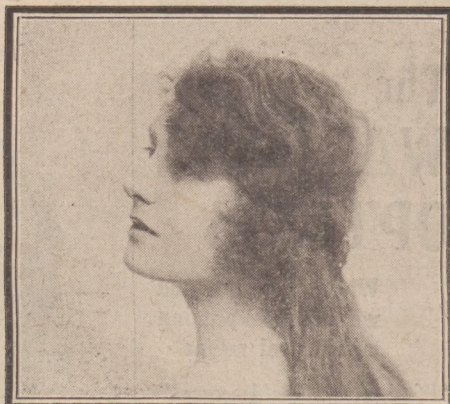
## CANDIDATES FOR BIG PRIZES IN "THE DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY COMPETITION.



Has been busy in one of the offices of the Food Control, Surrey.



Served as clerk in Royal Air Force and with the Amateur Nursing Association.



Has been working in a food control office in important Lincolnshire centre.



A land worker with a record of four years' service on a Suffolk farm.



Worker in one of the great munition factories of the East End of London.



Doing farm work and looking after a milk round near Malvern, Worcestershire.



**MILITARY WEDDING AT BRISTOL.**—Captain E. Stride, of the Worcestershire Regiment, married to Miss Katie Iris Maugham, at All Saints' Church, Clifton, Bristol.



**WAR PRISONERS' WELCOME.**—The Lady Mayoress of Birmingham greets released prisoners of war newly returned from Germany in the Midland city. The boys were delighted with the warmth of the welcome home that awaited them.



**Order Your Copy To-day.**

**Order Your Copy To-day.**



# Daily Mirror

Friday, January 3, 1919.

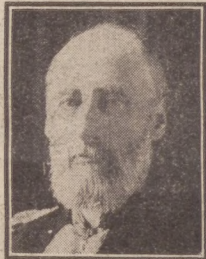
## WOMEN'S RADIO CORPS.



Three members of the American Women's Radio Corps on a tour of inspection. Their first job was to teach drafted men the new buzzer.

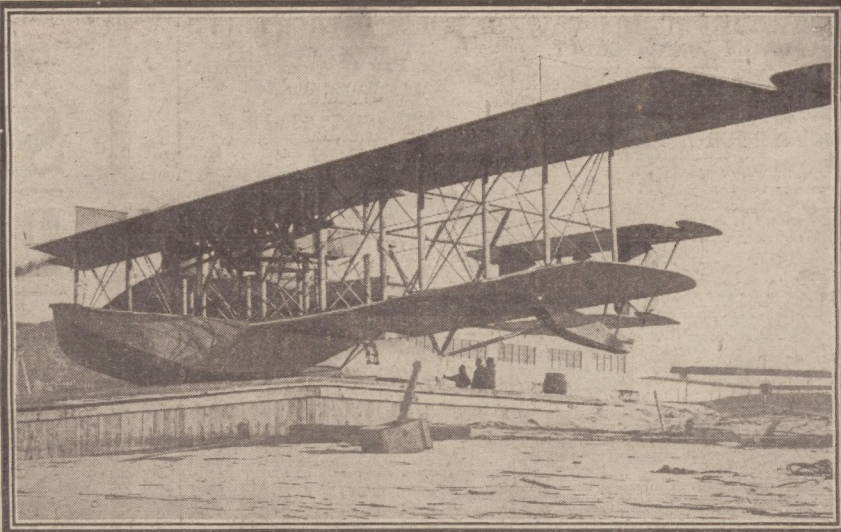


**IN AMERICA.**—Mr. Charles Fergler, who was accredited as the Czech-Slovak diplomatic representative to the United States after T. G. Masaryk.

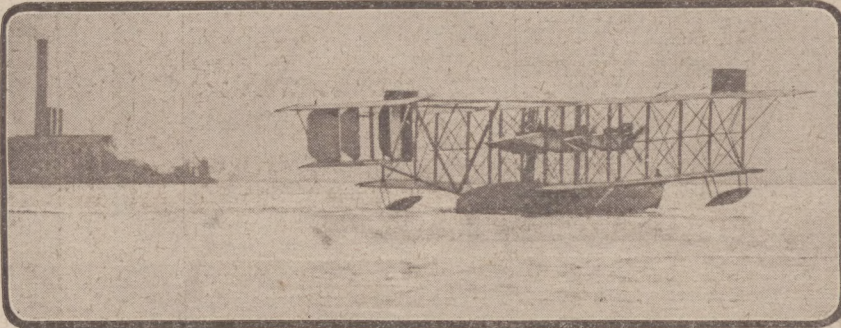


**A BIRTHDAY.**—Sir Henry D. Esakiue, K.C.V.O., formerly Sergeant-at-Arms in House of Commons, who will be eighty-one on Sunday.

## THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW SEAPLANE DREADNOUGHT.



The huge flying boat about to leave the launching way at Rockaway Park Naval Air Station.



The Curtiss flying boat N.C.I. at rest upon the water. It has a wing span of 126ft.

The largest flying boat in the world, designed for the U.S. Navy by Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss, which has just successfully undergone its tests. It carried fifty passengers in a flight along Atlantic coast.—(Exclusive to *Daily Mirror*.)



**"R.G."**—Mr. R. G. Knowles, the well-known variety artist, whose death is announced. He was a great favourite in London, and had appeared with enormous success in all the principal music-halls.



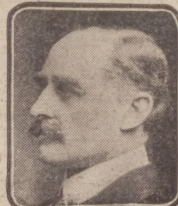
Miss Betty Heaton-Ellis's bridesmaids watch her departure from the church.



**RAILWAY.**—Sir George Gibb, who is said to have accepted position of consulting manager of North-Eastern Railway.



**KNIGHTED.**—Mr. George Fottrell, who has been for many years Clerk of the Crown and Peace in Dublin.



**PEACE CONFERENCE.**—Sir Esme Howard, who will deal with matters relating to Northern Europe at Peace Conference.



Bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

**NAVAL WEDDING.**—Lieut.-Com. Denison, R.N., married to Miss Betty Heaton-Ellis at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, London.